



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Edus T 759.17.525

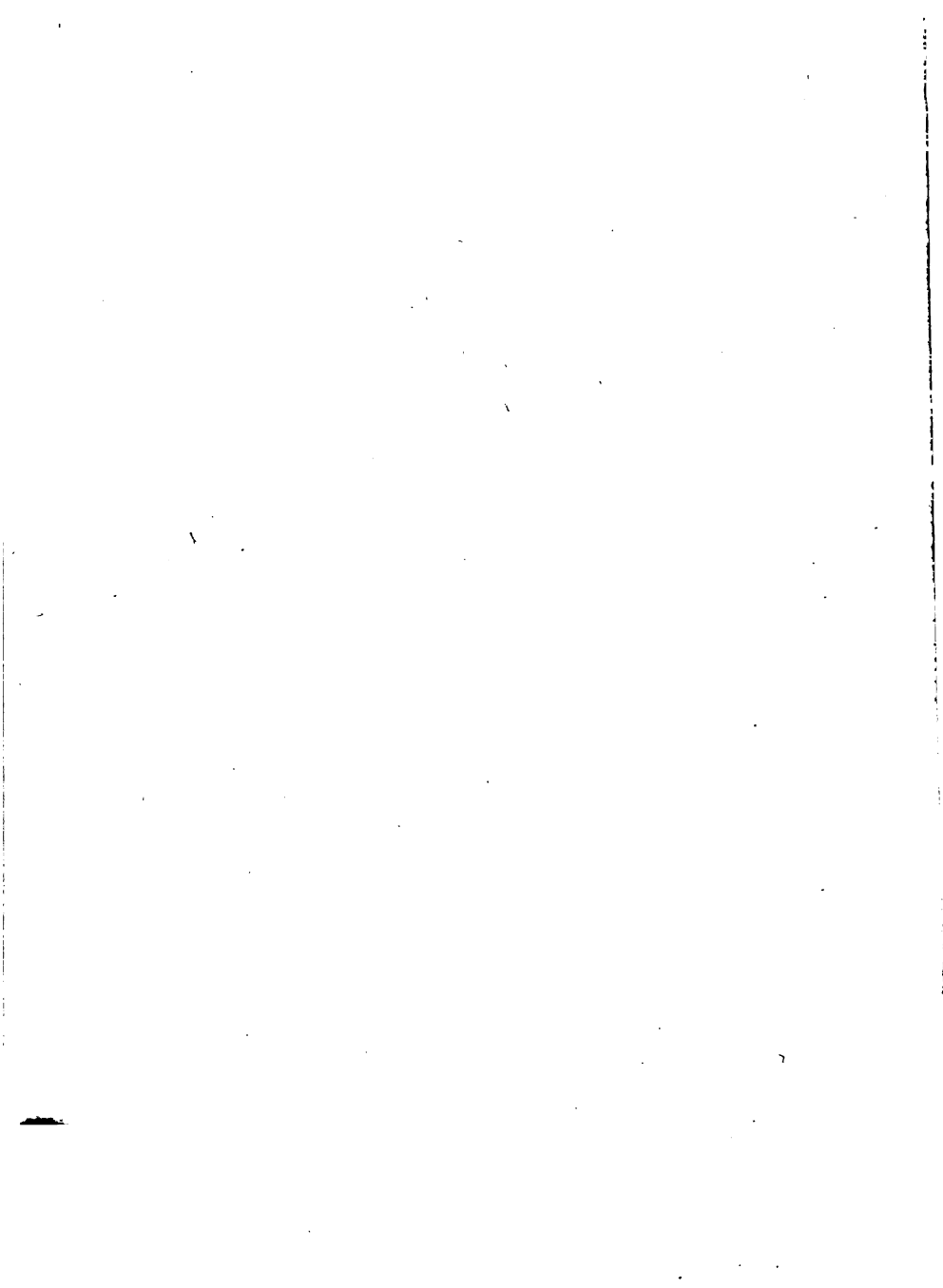


Harvard College Library  
THE GIFT OF  
GINN AND COMPANY



3 2044 081 501 272

14304 1429 ed,







# THE IDEAL CATHOLIC LITERARY READERS

BOOK ONE

BY

A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH

AUTHOR OF THE "IDEAL SOUND EXEMPLIFIER,"  
THE "IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1917

*All rights reserved*

Educ T 759.17.784

✓  
Educ T 759.17.525

✓  
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
GIFT OF  
GINN & COMPANY  
MARCH 17, 1927

Nihil Obstat

PATRICK J. WATERS, Ph.D.,  
*Censor Librorum.*

Imprimatur

✠ WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,  
*Archbishop of Boston.*

February 19, 1917.

COPYRIGHT, 1917,  
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1917.

Norwood Press  
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.  
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.



## PREFACE

THE chief aim of this book of The Ideal Catholic Literary Series is to place before the children of our parochial schools specimens of literature best suited for the Grammar Grades.

Realizing that childhood is the formative period for the physical, intellectual, patriotic, æsthetic, and religious stature of manhood, we desire to plant in the hearts of the children the seed of fine emotions, tender feelings, nice discrimination, manly virtues, high ideals, and deep-seated religion. We wish to foster and develop in them the true, the beautiful, and the good. We desire to make them men and women of character by holding up to them noble, self-sacrificing, and patriotic models for their imitation. We wish to make them reliable, adaptable, efficient, and religious. In a word, our purpose is to form loyal and law-abiding citizens, and practical and conscientious Catholics; for such men and women are the bulwark of our country.

There is at the present time a tendency to overestimate the industrial side of education to the detriment of the cultural. In consequence of this, we find trade schools, manual training schools, prevocational schools, etc., springing up throughout the country, with the result that some of our boys and girls do not receive a well-balanced education.

While we freely admit the usefulness of industrial education, we are thoroughly convinced that every child during

school years should have an opportunity to become acquainted with specimens of the best literature in our language. And we are fully persuaded that the proper place to begin this work is in the Grammar School.

A brief examination of the contents of this reader will reveal the excellent selections of prose and poetry which it contains. You will find in this book extracts from the works of the foremost authors of America, as well as from a few of the great literary lights of Europe. Some of the selections carry us back to the dim past, and allow us to think the thoughts and to experience the aspirations and emotions of the people of that age; others recall some of the striking historical epochs of history; and still others thrill us with the doings of the eventful present. The lessons on Nature cannot fail to lift the mind of the child to the Divine Creator. Several of the extracts instill the essentials of real, true, genuine patriotism. But above all, each selection tends to foster and develop all that is good and noble in the heart of the child.

The pupils will find the "Historical Narratives," the "Biographical Sketches," and the "Aids to Study," which accompany each lesson, of the greatest assistance in interpreting and appreciating the various literary selections.

**FOR GOD  
AND  
COUNTRY**



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE BOY AND THE CHILD JESUS . . . . .	<i>Johann G. von Herder</i> . . . . . 1
FOREST HYMN. . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 5
A CHRISTMAS-EVE ADVENTURE . . . . .	<i>Rev. David Bearne, S.J.</i> . . . . 6
THE LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM . . . . .	<i>Rev. John B. Tabb</i> . . . . . 17
CHARLES DICKENS . . . . .	. . . . . 18
THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY . . . . .	<i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . . . 20
THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE . . . . .	<i>Philip Freneau</i> . . . . . 28
THE HERITAGE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . . 29
ST. PETER . . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i> . . . . . 33
THE SAINTS . . . . .	<i>Henry van Dyke</i> . . . . . 47
LOVE OF COUNTRY . . . . .	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> . . . . . 48
SOPHIE DORA MAUDE . . . . .	. . . . . 49
A CHILD COUNTESS . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sophie D. Maude</i> . . . . . 51
TO A SKYLARK . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . . 67
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW . . . . .	. . . . . 68
THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> . . . . . 70
HARE AND HOUNDS . . . . .	<i>Thomas Hughes</i> . . . . . 77
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER . . . . .	. . . . . 91
A LEGEND OF BREGENZ . . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i> . . . . . 93
REVEREND ALBAN BUTLER . . . . .	. . . . . 102
ST. LAWRENCE, MARTYR . . . . .	<i>Rev. Alban Butler</i> . . . . . 104
BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> . . . . . 108
WILLIAM COWPER . . . . .	. . . . . 109
JOHN GILPIN . . . . .	<i>William Cowper</i> . . . . . 111
HE TRUSTED IN GOD . . . . .	<i>Lady Herbert of Lea</i> . . . . . 124
REVEREND JOHN BANNISTER TABB . . . . .	. . . . . 136

	PAGE
THE CLOUD . . . . .	138
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE . . . . .	141
HUBERT AND ARTHUR . . . . .	143
THOMAS MOORE . . . . .	151
SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL . . . . .	153
THE PROPHET ELIAS . . . . .	155
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT . . . . .	166
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS . . . . .	168
TRUE RICHES . . . . .	171
THE YOUTH OF LINCOLN . . . . .	172
ARCHBISHOP SPALDING . . . . .	186
GOD'S SCHOLAR . . . . .	188
CHRISTMAS . . . . .	189
JOHN JAMES AUDUBON . . . . .	190
THE PRAIRIE . . . . .	192
GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN . . . . .	200
WARREN'S SPEECH OF PROTEST . . . . .	205
ADVERSITY . . . . .	214
ALFRED TENNYSON . . . . .	215
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE . . . . .	217
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS . . . . .	221
THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL . . . . .	223
VIRTUE . . . . .	227
ROBERT BROWNING . . . . .	228
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN . . . . .	230
AUTUMN SONG . . . . .	244
LARS PETERSEN'S BRAVERY . . . . .	245
THE TOIL OF GOD . . . . .	257
CARDINAL WISEMAN . . . . .	258
CECILIA, THE BLIND MARTYR . . . . .	260
THE POWER OF PRAYER . . . . .	275
THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE . . . . .	276
OLIVER GOLDSMITH . . . . .	279

# CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
THE DISCONTENTED MILLER . . . . .	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> . . . 281
ELISEUS . . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i> . . 285
POWER OF LOVE . . . . .	<i>Rev. Richard Crashaw</i> . . 294
CARDINAL NEWMAN . . . . .	. . . . . 295
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT . . . . .	<i>Cardinal Newman</i> . . 297
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON . . . . .	. . . . . 299
THE SEA CHEST . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> . 301
REAL WORTH . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i> . 311
MEMORIAL DAY . . . . .	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> . . . 312
WASHINGTON IRVING . . . . .	. . . . . 314
THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW . . . . .	<i>Washington Irving</i> . . 316
CHARITY . . . . .	<i>James Montgomery</i> . . 327
THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS . . . . .	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i> . . 328
BOB'S PICNIC . . . . .	<i>Maurice F. Egan</i> . . . 334
PSALM THIRTY-THREE . . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i> . . 346
REV. FREDERICK W. FABER . . . . .	. . . . . 349
PENTECOST . . . . .	<i>Rev. Frederick W. Faber</i> 351
THE EXILE OF ERIN . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . 355
DECORATION DAY . . . . .	<i>Rev. D. O. Crowley</i> . . 358
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN . . . . .	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> . 360
BEGINNING OF HOPE . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . 368





## SUGGESTED GROUPING

The selections used in this reader may be grouped in various ways, for example :

### RELIGIOUS

The Boy and the Child Jesus	. . . . .	<i>Johann G. von Herder</i>
A Christmas-Eve Adventure	. . . . .	<i>Rev. David Bearne, S.J.</i>
The Saints	. . . . .	<i>Henry van Dyke</i>
St. Lawrence	. . . . .	<i>Rev. Alban Butler</i>
He Trusted in God	. . . . .	<i>Lady Herbert of Lea</i>
God's Scholar	. . . . .	<i>Archbishop Spalding</i>
Lead, Kindly Light	. . . . .	<i>Cardinal Newman</i>
Pentecost	. . . . .	<i>Rev. Frederick W. Faber</i>
The Light of Bethlehem	. . . . .	<i>Rev. John B. Tabb</i>
A Ballad of Trees and the Master	. . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i>
Christmas	. . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>
Sign of the Cross	. . . . .	<i>Cardinal Newman</i>
Toil of God	. . . . .	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>
Power of Prayer	. . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>

### SCRIPTURAL

St. Peter	. . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i>
The Prophet Elias	. . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i>
The Conversion of St. Paul	. . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i>
Eliseus	. . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i>
Sound the Loud Timbrel	. . . . .	<i>Thomas Moore</i>
Psalm Thirty-three	. . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i>

## HISTORICAL

A Child Countess . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sophie D. Maude</i>
Hubert and Arthur . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i>
Give Me Three Grains of Corn . . . . .	<i>Amelia B. Edwards</i>
Charge of the Light Brigade . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>
Cécilia, the Blind Martyr . . . . .	<i>Cardinal Wiseman</i>
The Dream of Columbus . . . . .	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i>

## PATRIOTIC

The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere . . . . .	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>
The Exile of Erin . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>
A Legend of Bregenz . . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>
Warren's Speech of Protest . . . . .	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i>
Memorial Day . . . . .	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>
Decoration Day . . . . .	<i>Rev. Denis O. Crowley</i>
Love of Country . . . . .	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>

## NATURE

The Cloud . . . . .	<i>Rev. John B. Tabb</i>
Death of the Flowers . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>
The Prairie . . . . .	<i>John J. Audubon</i>
The Birds of Passage . . . . .	<i>Felicia D. Hemans</i>
Forest Hymn . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>
The Wild Honeysuckle . . . . .	<i>Philip Freneau</i>
The Skylark . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i>
Autumn Song . . . . .	<i>Rev. John B. Tabb</i>

## TALES AND LEGENDS

The Death of Paul Dombey . . . . .	<i>Charles Dickens</i>
Hare and Hounds . . . . .	<i>Thomas Hughes</i>
John Gilpin . . . . .	<i>William Cowper</i>
The Pied Piper of Hamelin . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i>
Lars Petersen's Bravery . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>
The Sea Chest . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow . . . . .	<i>Washington Irving</i>
Bob's Picnic . . . . .	<i>Maurice F. Egan</i>

## CHARACTER STUDY

The Heritage . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>
Charity . . . . .	<i>James Montgomery</i>
Beginning of Hope . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>
Beethoven . . . . .	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i>
The Discontented Miller . . . . .	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>
The Youth of Lincoln . . . . .	<i>Elbridge S. Brooks</i>
True Riches . . . . .	<i>Isaac Watts</i>
Adversity . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i>
Virtue . . . . .	<i>John Milton</i>
The Power of Love . . . . .	<i>Rev. Richard Crashaw</i>
Real Worth . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i>

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE selections from James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John James Audubon, John Greenleaf Whittier, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers of their works.

For permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is also made to D. Appleton Co., for "Death of the Flowers," by William Cullen Bryant, and for an extract from the "Boys of Greenway Court," by Hezekiah Butterworth; to G. P. Putnam's Sons, for an extract from "Boys of Other Countries," by Bayard Taylor; to Small, Maynard & Co., for "The Cloud," "The Light of Bethlehem," and "Autumn Song," by the Rev. John B. Tabb; to Little, Brown & Co., for "The Dream of Columbus," by Denis A. McCarthy; to Benziger Brothers, for "A Child Countess," by Mrs. Sophie Dora Maude; to Charles Scribner's Sons, for an extract from "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson; to Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., for "The Youth of Lincoln," by Elbridge S. Brooks, and for "Beethoven," by Hezekiah Butterworth; to the George H. Doran Co., for "Memorial Day," by Joyce Kilmer; to Henry van Dyke, for "The Saints"; to Stone & Kimball for "The Toil of God," by Joaquin Miller; to Rev. Denis Oliver Crowley for "Decoration Day"; to Mary D. Lanier, for "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," by Sidney Lanier.

## A KEY TO THE SOUNDS

**ä**, as in *äle*.  
**â**, "sen/âte."  
**â**, "câre."  
**ä**, "äm."  
**a**, "ä/näl."  
**ä**, "ärm."  
**ä**, "äsk."  
**ä**, "so/fä."  
**b**, "baby."  
**ch**, "chair."  
**d**, "day."  
**dü**: for *du* as in *ver'dure*.  
**ë**, as in *ëve*.  
**ë**, "ë-vent'."  
**ë**, "ënd."  
**ë**, "re'cënt."  
**ë**, "ev'ër."  
**f**, "fäll."  
**g** (always "hard"), as in *go*.  
**gx**: for *x* in *ex-ist'*.  
**h**, as in *hat*.  
**hw**: for *wh* as in *what*.  
**I**, as in *Ice*.

**Y**, "ill."  
**j**, "joke."  
**k**, "keep."  
**ks**: for *x* as in *vex*.  
**kw**: for *qu* as in *queen*.  
**l**, as in *late*.  
**m**, "man."  
**n**, "no."  
**n** (like *ng*): for *n* before the sound of *k* or of "hard" *g*, as in *bank*.  
**ng**, as in *long*.  
**ö**, "öld."  
**ö**, "ö-bey'."  
**ö**, "örb."  
**ö**, "ödd."  
**ö**, "cön-nect'."  
**ö**, "söft."  
**oi**, "oil."  
**oo**, "fööd."  
**öo**, "fööt."  
**ou**, "out."  
**p**, "papa."

**r**, "rap."  
**s** (always voiceless, or "sharp"), as in *so*.  
**sh**, as in *she*.  
**t**, as in *time*; also for *ed* as in *baked*.  
**th** (voiceless), as in *thin*.  
**th** (voiced): for *th* as in *then*.  
**tü**: for *tu* as in *cult'ure*.  
**ü**, as in *üse*.  
**ü**, "ü-nite'."  
**ü**, "ürn."  
**ü**, "üp."  
**ü**, "cir'cüa."  
**ü**: for French *u*, as in *menu*.  
**v**, as in *van*.  
**w**, "want."  
**y**, "yard."  
**z**, "zone."  
**zh**: for *z* as in *azure*; for *s* as in *pleasure*.  
*'* as in *pardon* (pär'd'n): indicates the elision of a vowel.

## EQUIVALENTS

**ä** (= *ë*), . . . . as in *li'ar*.  
**ä** (= *ö*), . . . . "what."  
**A, ä** (= *ö*), . . . . "all."  
**Au, au, aw** (= *ö*), "Au Sable."  
**E, e** (= *ä*), . . . . "eight; or (= *ä*), as in *os'prey*.  
**Ê, ê** (= *ä*), . . . . "thère."  
**Ë, ë** (= *ä*), . . . . "ë'r'mine."  
**Ee, ee** (= *ë*), . . . . "eel."  
**Ew, ew** (= *ü*), . . . . "dew; or (= *oo*), as in *brew*.  
**Ï, i** (= *ë*), . . . . "ma-chïne'; or (= *ë*), as in *fi-as'co*.  
**Î, î** (= *ë*), . . . . "vir-gin'i-ty; or (= *ä*), as in *bïrd*.  
**q** (= *öö*), . . . . "wolf."  
**Q, q** (= *oo*), . . . . "goze."  
**Ö, ö** (= *ü*), . . . . "öther; or (= *ü*), as in *wel'cöme*.  
**ö** (= *ë*), . . . . "sail'ör; or (= *ä*), as in *wörk*.

**Ow, ow** (= *ou*), . . . as in *owl*.  
**Oy, oy** (= *oi*), . . . "oys'ter."  
**U, u** (= *oo*), . . . . "rude."  
**U, u** (= *öö*), . . . . "full."  
**ÿ** (= *Y*), . . . . "fiÿ."  
**ÿ, ÿ** (= *Y*), . . . . "ÿt'tri-a."  
**ÿ** (= *ë*), . . . . "mar'tÿr-dom; or (= *ä*), as in *mÿrrh*.  
**Ö, ö** (= *k*), . . . . as in *cat*.  
**Ç, ç** (= *s*), . . . . "çell."  
**Ch, ch** (= *k*), . . . . "chorus."  
**Ch, ch** (= *sh*), . . . . "çhaise."  
**Ğ, ğ** (= *g*), . . . . "ğet."  
**Ğ, ğ** (= *j*), . . . . "ğem."  
**dğ** (= *j*), . . . . "edğe."  
**ğ** (= *z*), . . . . "iğ."  
**ğ** (= *gz*), . . . . "eğ-ist'."  
**x** (= *ks*), . . . . "vex."  
**Ph, ph** (= *f*), . . . . "phantom."  
**Qu, qu** (= *kw*), . . . "queen."  
**Wh, wh** (= *hw*), . . . "when."



*Schwartz*

CHRIST AND ST. PETER

# IDEAL CATHOLIC LITERARY READER

## BOOK I

### THE BOY AND THE CHILD JESUS

Among green pleasant meadows,  
All in a grove so wild,  
Was set a marble image  
Of the Virgin and the Child.

Here oft, on summer evenings,  
A lovely boy would rove,  
To play beside the image  
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,  
Among the shadows dim,  
And told how the Lord Jesus  
Was once a child like him.

“And now from the highest heaven  
He doth look down each day,  
And sees whate’er thou doest,  
And hears what thou dost say!”

Thus spoke his tender mother;  
And, on an evening bright,

When the red, round sun descended  
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing ;  
And earnestly said he,  
"O beautiful Child Jesus !  
Come down and play with me.

"I will find Thee flowers the fairest,  
And weave for Thee a crown ;  
I will get Thee ripe, red strawberries,  
If Thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy Mother !  
Put Him down from off thy knee ;  
For in these silent meadows  
There are none to play with me."

Thus spoke the boy so lovely,  
The while his mother heard ;  
And on his prayer she pondered,  
But spoke to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamed  
A lovely dream of joy :  
She thought she saw young Jesus  
There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers  
Which thou hast brought to Me,



Rich blessing shall be given  
A thousandfold to thee.

“For in the fields of heaven  
Thou shalt roam with Me at will ;  
And of bright fruit celestial  
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill !”

Thus tenderly and kindly  
The fair Child Jesus spoke ;  
And, full of careful musings,  
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished ;  
In a short month and a day,  
That lovely boy, so gentle,  
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke, in dying :  
“O mother dear, I see  
The beautiful Child Jesus  
A-coming down to me !

“And in His hand He beareth  
Bright flowers as white as snow,  
And red and juicy strawberries, —  
Dear mother, let me go !”

He died — but that fond mother  
 Her sorrow did restrain ;  
 For she knew he was with Jesus,  
 And she asked him not again !

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT: *From the German of Johann  
 Gottfried von Herder.*

### AIDS TO STUDY

Picture a real old gentleman teaching school in Germany more than a hundred years ago. See how interested he is in each pupil. He regards them as his children. See how each child respects him. The children go to him as to a father. Such was the man who in his spare moments wrote *The Boy and the Child Jesus* for his little friends. When Mary Howitt (1800–1888), a convert to the Catholic Church, read this poem in German, she made up her mind to translate it into English so that many children might be able to enjoy it as she had.

<b>a-coming</b> (ă-kūm'ing), in the act of coming.	<b>musings</b> (mūz'ingz), reflections, thoughts.
<b>celestial</b> (sē lēs'chāl), belonging to Heaven.	<b>sanctify</b> (sănk'tī fī), to make sacred or holy.

1. How many characters are there in this story-poem? 2. Tell what you know about each of these characters. 3. Where was the statue? 4. Who sat near it on summer evenings? 5. About what did they talk? 6. On one occasion, what did the boy say to the Child Jesus? 7. Of what did the mother dream that night? 8. What did the Child say to her boy? 9. As he was dying, what did the boy say to his mother? 10. What effect did his words have? 11. Words that have the same, or nearly the same, meaning are called *synonyms*; for example, the words

*little* and *small* have nearly the same meaning. 12. Give the synonyms for *oft*, *rove*, *pondered*, *celestial*, *musings*.

1. Tell this story in your own words. 2. Separate the selection into its principal scenes. 3. Describe the ones which appeal to you. 4. Give a description of the characters. 5. Tell what each one says. 6. What details make up the picture that is described in the first three stanzas?

## FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems, — in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find  
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze  
And shot towards heaven.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## A CHRISTMAS-EVE ADVENTURE

Do you remember the first time you went to confession? Do you recall what a wonderful change came over you? After you had obtained God's forgiveness, you felt better and holier. There was a feeling of unusual strength and courage in your heart; and there was an increase of trust and confidence in our Blessed Lord. You felt that you could undertake anything for the Saviour; and you even longed for an opportunity to show Him how truly you loved Him. That was the very feeling which animated the heart of the little hero of the *Christmas-Eve Adventure*. He had been to confession. He was strengthened by the sacrament. He was at peace with God and the world. In the following story we shall see how this brave boy in a trying situation was saved through prayer and confidence in God.

I will try to tell this story just as it was told to me, many Christmases ago, by an old monk.

My father was a farmer, and our little property was, and is still, in a very lonely place in England, some miles distant from any town. I was not quite thirteen when what I am about to relate happened to me.

It was Christmas Eve, and as my father had been away from home all day on some important business, I had worked longer and harder than he generally

allowed me to do. I attended a Catholic day school in the town which lay four miles off, but of course the holidays had already begun. My mother and sisters had gone into the town on various errands — the most important of which, as I knew, was confession. I myself had been that very morning.

In spite of feeling tired, I was very happy on that Christmas Eve, partly on account of the nearness of the great feast, partly because I had already been to confession; also I think I was pleased to have done such a big day's work. Mother had told me she was very proud of me, and that father would be delighted when he knew how hard I had labored.

We had an early tea, and I began the milking a little sooner than usual, for my mother wanted Joe, the only one of our men who slept in the house, to drive the horse. At half-past five or so, there was so little left to do that our plowman and his two lads went home.

As I stepped out of the yard into our cozy house-place, I suddenly remembered that our one female servant had gone to see some relatives in the little village that lay about half a mile from the farm. I was the only person left in the house.

However, I don't think it occurred to me to be in any way afraid. I had my milking smock on, and the first thing I did was to remove the leather strap that

belted it, intending then to take off my heavy-nailed boots and put on a pair of slippers. But I remembered that my father was on horseback, and that on his return I ought to be ready to put up and look after his horse. Whether he would or would not return before my mother and sisters was very uncertain, for he had gone many miles from home. So keeping my boots on as well as my smock, I sat down in my father's chair and took up a Christmas number of a weekly that my mother had left for me on the table.

The barking of our sheep-dog, Toby, suddenly reminded me that, though mother did not allow him to sleep in the house, she would not mind my bringing him in for an hour or so, in order to keep me company. I would go and unchain him and invite him to enjoy the blaze of the Christmas log.

Imagine my astonishment when as I stepped out into the night — a mild night enough, but starless — a figure suddenly appeared out of the darkness and inquired shortly, "Anybody at home here?"

"No," I said incautiously, "nobody but myself."

"Father, mother, and servants all out?"

"Yes," said I truthfully.

"Thought so," rejoined the man.

Then he gave a low whistle, and out of the darkness stepped his companion.

"The coast is clear," remarked the first tramp — for, as they pushed me forward into the light of the lamp, I thought they looked more like tramps than burglars.

"Now, my little man," began the leader, as he hustled me roughly into the house, "if you scream out, your life is at stake. Have a good look at this bludgeon. Now, if you are wise, just keep quiet."

Each of them held me now by an arm.

"Better tie him in a chair," said one of them.

"No," growled the other, "that's too comfortable. I'll show you how to make him quiet in harness."

We were in our homely and holly-decked house-place, and the man who had last spoken took hold of me suddenly and forced me down upon my knees with my face to the window curtains. While he held my arms, the other ruffian lashed my ankles together with a long piece of cord; then, forcing my hands behind my back, the two of them crossed my wrists and tied them together so tightly that it was all I could do not to cry out. Even then, they were not satisfied. Looking round the room, they espied the leather strap I had just taken off, and this they pushed over my already fettered wrists, and made it fast to the cord round my ankles.

"He'll do now," one of them said; "he can't stand on his legs: he can only roll over."

In spite of their terrible and reiterated threats, though I did not dare to move my body, I could not help turning my head a little to try to see what they were doing. Of course they were opening drawers, looking into cupboards, and trying doors. To be very candid, I was praying and crying.

Absurd as it may seem, I was really more concerned as to their taking the Christmas fare in the larder than fearful of their carrying off the silver and the valuables. Of money, I knew that there was not much in the house, for my father never kept more than he needed for wages and for current expenses. What silver we possessed was both old and solid.

By what I could overhear, they were in quest of food and drink. The larder was so close to the kitchen that I knew they would find it easily enough, and it was so stocked with good things that I scarcely thought they would be able to carry away the whole of its contents. If only they would spare the turkey, I thought!

They wanted food and drink, and apparently they wanted it for immediate consumption.

To my surprise, I heard one of the men exclaim — they had already found the pantry — “Here we are, Bill!”

I dared not look around, but I fancied the men were bringing cold beef, bread, cheese, and mince



pies into the kitchen. At any rate, they soon settled down to steady eating and drinking. For a time they seemed to forget my very existence.

Meanwhile, the pain in my legs and arms caused by the savage tightness of my bonds became almost unbearable. To kneel for such a long time, and in so constrained a position, was bad enough, but the aching throbbing of my limbs was torture. Yet, though sorely tempted to roll over and to lie on one side, I had sense enough to see that such a movement would only have the effect of making taut the strap that connected my wrists with my ankles, and of thus increasing the pressure of the cords that bound my hands and feet.

Now vilely hilarious, the two tramps began to throw bread crusts and cheese parings at me. But, as I took no notice of these missiles, they soon tired of such tame sport. Stepping up to where I knelt with my face to the window curtains, one of them took hold of me and swung me right around facing the table at which the other one sat.

"Nice lad, isn't he?" asked the man who had turned me around.

"Yes," said the other one. "It seems a pity to treat him so cruelly on Christmas Eve."

My swimming eyes turned from one coarse, dirty face to the other; certainly there was no ray of pity

in either. Such villainous-looking wretches might be capable of anything. During some terrible moments I thought of all the sins of my life, and told the good God over and over again how sorry I was for them.

"Now, my lad, you just tell us where the cash box is kept, and your troubles will soon come to an end."

"My father never keeps money in the house," I said. "And I don't think you'd find more than a shilling or two in the cash-box."

But the tramps did not believe me.

"Let us torture him a little," said one of them.

"We can use this rope," said the other.

I again assured them that whatever money might have been in the house earlier in the day had gone in wages or had been taken by my father and mother.

The men did not seem to hear. The feast was beginning to confuse them. However, they got a rope and threw one end of it over a sturdy hook in the great beam that ran across the ceiling. Then they lifted me on to the table and placed me just below the hanging rope — one end of which the first scoundrel held in his hand.

"Better put it around his neck and finish him," said one of the tramps.

"Not just yet," said the other. "We must first have some fun with him. Suppose we hang him up

by the heels. I've heard it said that if you turn a lad upside down and keep him like that for a short time, it helps him to recollect where cash boxes and things are kept."

My cry of terror must have mingled strangely with their brutal laughter, as they slipped the noose of the rope over my boots. What would happen when they began to pull the rope I easily foresaw; I should fall forward on my face, and the bonds on my hands and feet would tighten more and more. And, horrible to think of, I should be hanging head downward!

"Yes, my lad, you may well say your prayers," laughed one of them as I began to repeat the Sacred Name. No doubt if you asked my mother she would tell you that I was always a good boy, and, thanks to her training and the Catholic school I had always attended, perhaps I was not really a wicked lad.

But on that terrifying night, oh, how I wished that I had not taken religion so lightly! How I wished that I had prayed better — been more attentive at Mass — gone to the Sacraments oftener — been less indulgent in food and candy — less quarrelsome and selfish — less a score of other things. I had never been a particularly pious lad, yet, thank God! prayer had always been to me a reality, and I had made some steady efforts to be good.

Terrified as I was, I still prayed. Distinctly I

remember pleading with our Blessed Lady and begging her for the sake of my own dear mother and father to ask the Holy Child Jesus to protect me and to spare my life.

But the last thing I remember, before I rolled over on the table in a dead swoon, was the making of a promise to our dear Lord that if He would spare my life, I would give it to Him forever by joining some religious order as soon as I could.

Just how long I remained unconscious I do not know, but when I opened my eyes I found myself lying on the sofa in the house-place, my father bending over me and holding my head. Though tears were in his eyes, he smiled so happily that I felt sure everything was right — it was not until Christmas Day that I heard all the details, for when my mother and sisters came back I was already in bed.

My father had returned just as the servant was entering the house accompanied by her brother, a stalwart gamekeeper, who had insisted upon seeing her safe home. It seems that when the tramp pulled me round from facing the window my feet had caught one of the curtains and displaced it a little. Passing by the window Harriet peeped in — to see me lying on the table bound hand and foot, and two men trying to force open the bureau that stood against an inner wall. Of course she screamed, and my father,

who was not far behind, quickened his horse's pace. Her brother dashed into the house, and the two thieves, already startled by the scream and preparing to bolt, were soon writhing under the very bonds they had put upon me. In a few minutes, with their hands bound behind their backs, they were walking unsteadily enough in front of the gamekeeper to the village lockup. A month or so afterwards, they were sent to penal servitude.

We had a delightful Christmas in spite of this unpleasant adventure. The thieves had taken nothing, except the cold victuals and the milk, and though for some days I was treated as an invalid and came in for more petting than a sturdy lad of thirteen had any right to expect, I soon recovered from the shock. But, for many a long day, I had red marks on my wrists and ankles. Did I keep my promise? Thank God, I did.

REV. DAVID BEARNE, S. J.

### AIDS TO STUDY

Rev. David Bearne, S. J. (1856— ), a well-known writer of prose and verse, was born in England. Like the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., of this country, he has written many charming stories for boys and girls.

**bludgeon** (blŭj'ŭn), a short stick  
or club.

**hilarious** (hī lă'rĭ ŭs), noisy, boisterous.

**constrain** (kŏn străn'), to force,  
cramp.

**larder** (lăr'dĕr), a place where  
eatables are kept.

**penal servitude** (pě'nāl sūr'vī tūd),  
service required as a punishment for a crime.

**reiterate** (rě it'ēr āt), to repeat.

**scoundrel** (skoun'drěł), a mean, worthless fellow.

**smock**, a coarse, loose frock.

**stalwart** (stōl'wěrt), strong, sturdy.

**torture** (tōr'tūr), to inflict severe pain.

**writhe** (rīth), to twist violently.

1. What Catholic custom does this story recall? 2. Is it going out of use nowadays? 3. What is the cause of this change? 4. Who told this tale to Father Bearne? 5. Give three reasons why the boy was happy that Christmas Eve. 6. What did he do after he had milked the cows? 7. Why did he not change his boots? 8. What happened when he went out to unchain the dog? 9. Repeat the conversation which took place between the boy and the tramps. 10. What did the tramps do, and for what did they come? 11. How did they treat the boy when he would not tell them where the cash-box was? 12. When the rope was around his boots, of what did the boy think? 13. Did he say his prayers? 14. Give an account of his home and school training. 15. What promise did he make to our Lord? 16. Who came to his rescue? 17. What happened to the tramps? 18. Did the boy keep his promise?

Locate the following expressions in the text, explain their meaning, and use them correctly in new sentences:

absurd as it may seem

but I reckon

coast's all clear

current expenses

for many a long day

in quest of food

it occurred to me

making taut the strap

1. Notice the frequent use of the personal pronoun *I* in this story, and give the reason for it. 2. If another person were to

tell this tale, what personal pronoun would be used? 3. Change the pronouns in the second, third, and fourth paragraphs from the first to the third person. If you were asked to illustrate this story, what pictures would you draw?

Whenever you meet a word in this or in any other book that you do not fully understand, be sure to consult your dictionary. In this way you will master a number of new words, and you will be able to use them intelligently both in speaking and in writing.

## THE LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM

'Tis Christmas night! the snow  
A flock unnumbered lies,  
The old Judean stars aglow  
Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds  
The pulses of the night,  
A deeper mystery infolds  
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till, lo, with reverence pale  
That dims each diadem,  
The lordliest, earthward bending, hail  
The Light of Bethlehem.

REV. JOHN B. TABB.

## CHARLES DICKENS

If we look at the map of England, we will find on the southern coast the city of Portsmouth, which has an important harbor and is the principal English naval station. In this bustling city in the early part of the nineteenth century, Charles Dickens was born.

We can well imagine the boy Charles roaming with his companions along the different wharves of the harbor; we can fancy him looking at the white-capped waves as they rushed toward the shore; or we can see him watching the sailors and the marines on the big battleships lying at anchor in the bay.

The boy's father was not a good provider. He spent his earnings too easily. As a consequence, the family grew poorer and poorer, until finally Charles, a mere boy of nine years, was obliged to go to work in his cousin's blacking factory. For three or four years, he labored most willingly in this place. Then he was employed in a lawyer's office for a year or two.

During all this time Charles was a diligent student. He read over and over again the books in his father's library and others which were loaned to him. He did more; he carefully observed the conditions of the poor, and he mastered the difficulties of shorthand.

Thus equipped, he began his literary work by reporting law cases; and at the age of nineteen he became a parliamentary reporter. In this congenial work he commenced to climb the ladder of fame.

His first literary attempt, the *Sketches of Boz*, brought his name before the reading public, and the *Pickwick Papers*, which appeared shortly afterwards, made him famous. In his other works, which can be found in the public library, Dickens gives sketches of the lives of many of his friends, together with an account of his own life in *David Copperfield*.





*W. Wyndham*



## THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY

It is oftentimes a source of genuine pleasure to go back in fancy to the days of early childhood ; and to think of the many strange things we did, how we looked, what we liked, the friends we knew, and the games we played. The story of *Dombey and Son* carries us back to England in the year 1846. Little Paul makes his appearance in the very first chapter. Before he is a day old, his good mother dies. He is then intrusted to the care of an excellent nurse. But still he does not grow strong. Mr. Dombey, noticing the delicate health of his child, sends him to the seashore. But this change of air fails to produce the desired effect. Little Paul is next sent to a private boarding school. He has now arrived at the age of six. He is so backward in his studies that his teacher is shocked beyond measure. But Paul tells her that he has spent most of his time in the open air trying to grow strong. His school days are not happy. When vacation comes, he is delighted to go back to his home. Every one in the vicinity likes him. "He is a very pretty child and thoughtful beyond his years." His father, a proud merchant, cares only for little Paul ; because Paul enables him to retain the name "Dombey and Son." But when the child of his heart is called from this world, happiness seems to go out of his life. The following chapter from the story of *Dombey and Son* tells of the last moments of little Paul.

Little Dombey had not risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly ; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night.

Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored rings about the candle, and wait patiently for day.

His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it, — to stem its tide with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out; but a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and, leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When the day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun ; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself — pictured ! he saw — the high church towers reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling as fast as ever), and the country bright with dew.

Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below ; the servants in the house were roused and busy ; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants how he was. Paul always answered for himself : “ I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you ! Tell papa so ! ”

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts and people passing and repassing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again. “ Why, will it never stop, Floy ? ” he would sometimes ask her. “ It is bearing me away, I think ! ”

But she could always soothe and reassure him ; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

“ You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now ! ”

They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline, the while she lay beside him, — bending forward often to kiss her, and

whispering to those who were near, that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

The people round him changed unaccountably, and what had been the doctor would be his father, sitting with his head leaning on his hand. This figure, with its head leaning on its hand, returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real.

"Floy! What is that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! At the bottom of the bed."

"There is nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up his head and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned quickly from the little bed and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Do not be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in the room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Do not be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, and how many nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

One night, he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"Oh, yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's, often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy."

Little Dombey closed his eyes at these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke, — woke mind and body — and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy, this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it

again. Do not go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

"Ah, yes! Good-by! — Where is my papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good-by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it is very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank! —

He put his hands together as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind his sister's neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the picture on the stairs is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"



The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion — Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, Angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS: *Dombey and Son*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

<b>estrangle</b> (ēs trānj'), to cause to be strange, to alienate.	<b>reassure</b> (rē'ā shōōr'), to restore confidence.
<b>firmament</b> (fūr'mā mēnt), the heavens.	<b>suggest</b> (sūg jēst'), to hint, to present, to cause to be thought of.
<b>immortality</b> (īm'ōr tāl'ī tī), unending life or existence.	<b>tendency</b> (tēn'dēns sī), inclination, disposition.
<b>languidly</b> (lānj'gwīd lī), feebly, weakly.	<b>unaccountably</b> (ūn'ā koun'tā blī), mysteriously, strangely.

1. From what story is this extract taken? 2. Tell some of the many things which little Dombey saw while he was in his bed of death. 3. What characteristics did he possess? 4. Who was always at his side? 5. What message did he always send to his father? 6. Why do you think he said so? 7. Have you ever experienced the great sorrow that death brings when it takes one that is dear? 8. What great truth does this story bring to

mind? 9. What is meant by "when the swift river bears us to the ocean"?

Expressions for study:

by little and little	the flush of the day
in the hollow distance	the golden light
rolled up like a scroll	the train of thought
run its course	the wide firmament
rustling blinds	with radiant smile

1. Point out and discuss the scenes in this selection. 2. Put yourself in little Paul Dombey's place, and tell in writing what you would be likely to do and say.

### THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,  
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet :  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came :  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same ;  
The space between is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

## THE HERITAGE

The truly Christian sentiment of this striking poem cannot help awakening a responsive chord. Here we shall notice the persuasive manner in which the gifted author, James Russell Lowell, contrasts the life of the rich with that of the poor. The story will not only clear away many erroneous notions, but will give the correct view of life.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;

With sated heart, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door ;

A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands ;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands —  
This is the best crop from thy lands ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great ;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last ;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## AIDS TO STUDY

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), one of the foremost American men of letters, was born in Cambridge, Mass. As a boy he had a great love for reading. Many an hour he spent in his father's library engrossed in stories and poetry. In 1838, he was graduated from Harvard University. Seventeen years later, he succeeded Longfellow as professor of English Literature at his Alma Mater. Lowell's literary labors embrace both prose and verse. Among his best known poems are *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *A Fable for Critics*, *The First Snow Fall*, *The Fountain*, *Under the Old Elm*. His prose works include criticisms, satires, and speeches.

heritage (hě'r'ī tāj), what is inher- sated (sāt'əd), satisfied, surfeited,  
ited, or passes from heir to heir. filled.

1. What does the rich man's son inherit? 2. Is his a happy lot? 3. Has he any wants? 4. What is the heritage of the poor man's son? 5. Does he enjoy more real happiness than the rich man's son? 6. Name three characteristics of the poor man's son mentioned in the sixth stanza. 7. What does the poet say to the rich man's son? 8. How does he advise the poor man's son? 9. What does he say in the last stanza?

Expressions for study :

bubble shares	to hold in fee
king of two hands	toil-worn merit
sated heart	well-filled past
six feet of sod	worse weariness

1. Write a short composition contrasting the lot of the rich young man with that of the poor young man. 2. Read the gospel according to St. Matthew, xix, 13-26. What lessons are taught in these verses?

## ST. PETER

Our Blessed Lord, in order to extend the Church which He had founded, chose twelve Apostles whom He commissioned to preach the Gospel throughout the world. In sending them forth Jesus conferred special powers on each of them. But over and above these, He gave to St. Peter a particular authority and dignity. He selected him as the Rock on which He would build His Church; to him He would deliver the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and He appointed him the visible head of His Church. In the following extract, we will see what St. Luke in the *Acts of the Apostles* has to say about St. Peter, the first visible head of the Church.

### I

When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, the apostles were all together, and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting, and there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat on every one of them: and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak.

At this time there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.

When the above miracle was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded in mind, because every man heard the apostles speak

in his own tongue. And they were all amazed, and wondered, saying: "Behold, are not all these that speak, Galileans?"

But others, mocking, said, "These men are full of sweet wine."

Then Peter, lifting up his voice, spoke to them: "Ye men of Judea, and all you that dwell in Jerusalem, be this known to you that these men are not drunk, as you suppose, — seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is the fulfillment of that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: 'And it shall come to pass, in the last days (saith the Lord), I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And upon My servants, indeed, and upon My handmaids, will I pour out in those days of My Spirit, and they shall prophesy. And I will show wonders in the heavens above, and signs on the earth beneath: blood and fire, and vapor of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and manifest day of the Lord come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord, shall be saved.'"

Peter continued: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: 'Jesus of Nazareth (a man approved of God among you, by miracles, wonders, and signs, which



God did by Him, in the midst of you, as you also know), being delivered up to you, has been crucified and slain.' ”

Now when the Jews had heard these things, they had compunction in their heart, and said to Peter, and to the rest of the apostles: “What shall we do, men and brethren?”

But Peter said to them: “Do penance, and be baptized every one of you in the Name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins: and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are far off, whomsoever the Lord our God shall call.”

And with very many other words did he testify and exhort them, saying: “Save yourselves from this perverse generation.”

They therefore that received his word, were baptized; and there were added in that day about three thousand souls.

On another occasion, when Peter and John went up into the temple at the ninth hour of prayer, a certain man, who was lame from his birth, was brought to the gate of the temple, which is called Beautiful, that he might ask alms.

When he had seen Peter and John about to go into the temple, he asked for assistance. But the apostles, fastening their eyes upon him, said: “Look upon us,”

He looked earnestly upon them, hoping that he should receive something from them.

Peter said: "Silver and gold, I have none, but what I have, I give thee: in the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise, and walk."

Then taking him by the right hand, he lifted him up, and forthwith his soles and feet received strength. And he leaping up, stood, walked, and went in with them into the temple, praising God.

All the people saw him; and they knew that it was he who sat begging alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple; and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened to him.

On seeing Peter and John, the people ran to them to the porch which is called Solomon's, greatly wondering.

Then Peter spoke to them: "Ye men of Israel, why wonder you at this? Or why look you upon us, as if by our strength or power we have made this man to walk? The God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified His Son, Jesus, Whom you indeed delivered and denied before the face of Pilate, when he judged He should be released. You denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted to you. But the Author of life Whom you have killed, God hath raised from the dead.

"Now, brethren, I know that you did it through

ignorance, as *did* also your rulers. But those things which God before had showed by the mouth of all the prophets, that His Christ should suffer, He hath so fulfilled. Be penitent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out."

While the apostles were speaking, the priests, the officer of the temple, and the Sadducees, came upon them. Being grieved that they taught the people, and preached the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, they laid hands upon them, and put them in prison till the next day; for it was now evening.

But many of the people who had heard the word, believed; and the number of converts was five thousand.

It came to pass on the morrow, that their princes, ancients, and scribes, were gathered together in Jerusalem.

Annas, the high-priest, Caiphas,<sup>1</sup> John, Alexander, and many who were of the kindred of the high-priest, asked the apostles: "By what power, or by what Name, have you done this?"

Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said to them: "Ye princes of the people, and ancients, hear. If we this day are examined concerning the good done to the infirm man, by what means he hath been made whole; be it known to you all, and to all the people

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes spelled Caiaphas.

of Israel, that by the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, Whom you crucified, Whom God hath raised from the dead, even by Him, this man standeth here before you whole. Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other Name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved."

Now seeing the constancy of Peter and of John, and understanding that they were illiterate and ignorant men, they wondered; but they knew that they had been with Jesus.

Then they commanded them to go aside out of the council; and they conferred among themselves, saying: "What shall we do with these men? For indeed a miracle known to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem hath been done by them: it is manifest, and we cannot deny it. But that it may be no farther spread among the people, let us threaten them that they speak no more in this Name to any man."

Calling the apostles, they charged them not to speak at all, nor teach in the Name of Jesus.

Peter and John, answering, said to them: "If it be just, in the sight of God, to hear you rather than God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

But they, threatening, sent them away, not knowing how they might punish them, because of the people; for all men glorified what had been done.

Being let go, the apostles came to their own company, and related all that the chief priests and the ancients had said to them.

They having heard it, with one accord lifted up their voices to God, and said: "Lord, Thou art He that didst make heaven and earth, the sea, and all things that are in them."

And the multitude of the believers had but one heart and one soul: neither did any one say that aught of the things which he possessed, was his own; but all things were common unto them.

**accomplish** (ă kôm'plish), to complete, fulfill.

**Annas** (Ān'ās).

**compunction** (kôm pŭnk'shŭn), remorse, regret.

**divers** (dī'vēr̄z), different, various, several.

**exhort** (ĕg zôrt'), to encourage.

**Galilean** (Gāl'ī lē'ăn), a native of Galilee.

**illiterate** (ī līt'ēr āt), uneducated.

**perverse** (pĕr vŭrs'), wicked, stubborn.

**prophecy** (prŏf'ē sī), to foretell.

**Sadducees** (Sād'ŭ sēz), a Jewish sect.

## II

With great power did the apostles give testimony of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord; and great grace was in them all. For neither was there any one needy among them. For as many as were owners of lands or houses, sold them, brought the price of the things they sold, and laid it down before

the feet of the apostles. Then distribution was made to every one according as he had need.

Joseph, who was surnamed Barnabas, having sold his land, laid the price at the feet of the apostles.

But a certain man, named Ananias, with Saphira <sup>1</sup> his wife, sold a piece of land. By fraud, they kept back part of the price which they received.

Peter said: "Ananias, why hath Satan tempted thy heart, that thou shouldst lie to the Holy Ghost, and by fraud keep part of the price of the land?"

Ananias hearing these words, fell down, and gave up the ghost.

Then there came great fear upon all that heard it. And the young men, rising up, carried him out and buried him.

Three hours later, when his wife Saphira, not knowing what had happened, came in, Peter said to her: "Tell me, woman, whether you sold the land for so much?"

She said: "Yea, for so much."

Peter said unto her: "Why have you agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold the feet of them who have buried thy husband are at the door, and they shall carry thee out."

Immediately she fell down before his feet, and gave up the ghost.

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes spelled Sapphira.

Then there came a great fear upon the whole Church, and upon all that heard these things. And many signs and wonders were wrought among the people by the hands of the apostles.

And the multitude of men and women who believed in the Lord, was more increased, insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that when Peter came, his shadow at least might overshadow any of them, and they might be delivered from their infirmities.

There came also into Jerusalem a multitude out of the neighboring cities, bringing sick persons, and such as were troubled with unclean spirits. They were all healed.

Then the high priest, rising up, and all they that were with him, were filled with envy. And they laid hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison.

But an angel of the Lord, opening the doors of the prison by night and leading them out, said: "Go, and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."

Early in the morning, Peter and John entered into the temple, and taught.

The high priest and they that were with him called together the council, and sent to the prison for the apostles. But when the ministers came and found

---

them not there, they returned and told the high priest, saying: "The prison indeed we found shut with all diligence, and the keepers standing before the doors; but on opening it, we found no man within."

Now when the officer of the temple and the chief priests heard these words, they were in doubt concerning them.

But just then some one came and said to them: "Behold, the men you put in prison are in the temple teaching the people."

The officer with the ministers went and brought them without violence before the council.

Then the high priest said to them: "We commanded you, that you should not teach in this Name; and behold, you have filled Jerusalem with this doctrine; and you have a mind to bring the blood of this Man upon us."

But Peter, answering, said: "We ought to obey God rather than man. The God of our fathers hath raised up Jesus, Whom you put to death, hanging Him upon a tree. And we are witnesses of these things and the Holy Ghost, Whom God hath given to all that obey Him."

When they had heard these things, they were *cut to the heart*, and they thought to put them to death.

But one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, respected by all the people,



rising up commanded the men to be put forth a little while.

Then he said to the council, "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves, what you intend to do with these men. If their work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it."

The council took his advice. So calling in the apostles, after they had scourged them, they charged them that they should not speak at all in the Name of Jesus; and dismissed them.

They indeed went out from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the Name of Jesus. And every day they ceased not in the temple, and from house to house, to teach and preach Christ Jesus.

In these days, there came prophets from Jerusalem to Antioch. One of them, named Agabus, told that there should be a great famine over the whole world. This came to pass under Claudius. And the disciples, every man according to his ability, purposed to send relief to the brethren who dwelt in Judea. This they did, sending it to the ancients, by the hands of Barnabas and Saul.

At the same time, Herod stretched forth his hands, to afflict some of the Church. And he killed James, the brother of John, with a sword. And seeing that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to take up Peter also.

When Herod apprehended Peter, he cast him into prison, delivering him to four files of soldiers to be kept, intending, after the pasch, to bring him forth to the people.

Peter therefore was kept in prison.

But prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the doors kept the prison. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by him; and a light shined in the room: and he striking Peter on the side, raised him up, saying: "Arise, quickly." And the chains fell off from his hands.

The angel said to him: "Gird thyself, and put on thy sandals."

He did so.

The angel continued: "Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me."

And going out, he followed him. And passing through the first and the second ward, they came to the iron gate that leadeth to the city, which of itself opened to them. And as they were passing through one street, immediately the angel departed from him.

Peter, coming to himself, said: "Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod."

Then Peter came to the house of Mary, the mother of John, who was surnamed Mark, where many were gathered together and praying.

When he knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel whose name was Rhode came to hearken.

As soon as she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for joy, but running in she said that Peter stood before the gate.

They said to her: "Thou art mad."

She affirmed that it was so.

Then they said: "It is his angel."

But Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened, they saw him, and were astonished.

But he, beckoning to them with his hand to hold their peace, told how the Lord had brought him out of prison, and he said: "Tell these things to James, and to the brethren."

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

### AIDS TO STUDY

**Agabus** (Äg'ä būs).

**Ananias** (Än'ä nī'ās).

**Antioch** (Än'ti ōk).

**Barnabas** (Bär'nä bās).

**Claudius** (Klôd'di ūs).

**distribution** (dis'tri bū'shŭn), dis-  
posal, allotment.

**Gamaliel** (Gāmā'li ēl).

**Herod** (Hēr'ūd).

**infirmities** (in fūr'mī tīz), diseases,  
frailties.

**resurrection** (rēz'ū rēk'shŭn), the  
state of being risen from the  
dead.

**Rhode** (Rō'dē).

**Saphira** (Să fī'rā).

**surname** (sūr'nām), the family  
name.

I. 1. What special dignity did our Blessed Lord confer on St. Peter? 2. Do you remember reading about St. Peter in any other books? 3. How does St. Luke describe the coming of the Holy Ghost? 4. What effect did it have on those who witnessed it? 5. What did some of the people say when they heard the Apostles speaking in different languages? 6. How did St. Peter refute this charge? 7. What was the result of his speech? 8. What did St. Peter do for the lame beggar? 9. What was the effect of this miracle? 10. What did St. Peter say to the high priest and his followers? 11. What is the meaning of the clause, "but all things were common unto them"?

II. 1. Tell the story of Ananias and Saphira. 2. How did the people show their faith in the power of the Apostles? 3. How were St. Peter and St. John rescued from prison? 4. What advice did Gamaliel give to the men who were trying St. Peter and St. John? 5. What did Herod do? 6. Give an account of St. Peter's second rescue from prison. 7. Repeat the conversation which took place when St. Peter visited the home of St. Mark.

Expressions for study :

be this known to you  
came to hearken  
confounded in mind  
cut to the heart

every nation under heaven  
gave up the ghost  
hold their peace  
it shall come to pass

1. Enumerate the characters in this Biblical narrative.  
2. Give a description of each. 3. In order to get a vivid impression of them make a list of the significant acts and sayings of each of them. 4. Point out the various scenes which occur either in Part One or Part Two. 5. Arrange the story into scenes, make St. Peter the central figure, and outline what is to happen in each scene. 6. Then dramatize either the first or the second part.

## THE SAINTS

Ever since the time of our Blessed Lord, a number of great and saintly men and women have flourished in every century. Though each of them differed in many respects, they all had one prime object: "To do the will of God in all things." That they succeeded most remarkably is beyond dispute. Their extraordinary lives should be familiar to all Christians; because the heroic virtues which they practiced are a fruitful source of inspiration. What boy or girl is not thrilled by the heroic life of St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, St. Rose of Lima, St. Stanislaus, and St. Aloysius! There is something so generous and noble in their deeds that one cannot help admiring and esteeming them.

Saints are God's flowers, fragrant souls

That His own hand hath planted,  
Not in some far-off heavenly place,  
Or solitude enchanted,  
But here and there and everywhere, —  
In lonely field, or crowded town,  
God sees a flower when He looks down.

Some wear the lily's stainless white,  
And some the rose of passion,  
And some the violet's heavenly blue,  
But each in its own fashion,  
With silent bloom and soft perfume,  
Is praising Him, Who, from above,  
Beholds each lifted face of love.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

## AIDS TO STUDY

Henry van Dyke, the author of *The Saints*, was born in Germantown, Pa., in 1852. He was educated in this country and in Europe. In 1900, he became professor of English literature in Princeton University. Thirteen years later, he was appointed United States minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg.

1. To what does the poet compare the saints? 2. Where do these flowers grow, and by whom are they planted? 3. Do these flowers differ? 4. What do all these flowers do? 5. On what special day of the year are all these flowers commemorated by the Church? 6. How may any one of us become a saint? 7. Tell about your patron saint.

1. Why are the second and the fourth, and the sixth and the seventh lines indented? 2. When words are used with a sense varying from their literal meaning, to secure clearness, force, or beauty of expression, we call the language *figurative language*. What figurative expressions can you find in the poem? 3. Suppose that you are asked what you mean by the "Communion of Saints"; make a clear written statement for your teacher of what you think the expression means.

## LOVE OF COUNTRY

Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but, if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## MRS. SOPHIE DORA MAUDE

Boys and girls have much reason to be grateful to Mrs. Sophie Dora Maude, a convert to the Catholic Church, for the many charming stories which she has written. The entertainment and the instruction of children seem to be the principal object of her writings.

As a child, Mrs. Maude took especial delight in listening to fairy tales and other fanciful stories. During her first year in school, she made rapid progress in her studies, especially in reading. She was gifted with a splendid memory and an active and fertile imagination. She grasped the thought of all she read so vividly that she often asked her teacher to allow her and the other children to act the different lessons.

As she grew older, she could not only tell stories in an interesting manner, but she could make them up. She memorized hundreds of verses, and learned to recite them with expression.

In vacation time, this English girl might be seen reclining under the wide-spreading branches of some favorite tree reading a story book. She loved to take long strolls through the country in search of wild flowers and the other beauties of nature. It is hard to say which she loved best — books or nature. Both of them had a wonderful charm for her.

At the age of twelve, she wrote and published a story in aid of a children's hospital. Since then Mrs. Maude has devoted considerable time to writing entertaining stories for boys and girls. Her books, however, are not so well known in this country as they are in England.



*W. H. Rogers*





## A CHILD COUNTESS

The following selection carries us back to England in the time of King James I. During the reign of this hard-hearted monarch, laws most unjust to both Catholics and Puritans were enacted and enforced. As a consequence, many of the Puritans left England and went to Holland so as to be free to practice their religion. The purpose of the story, *A Child Countess*, is to show what the Catholics of England had to suffer for their faith during this period. The heroine of this story is a little Catholic girl, Ann Egremont, who at a tender age suddenly becomes a countess.

### I

Beneath the shadow of a Castle, within sight of the waving flag, stood a small house with gables, in the year of grace 1610. It was narrow enough to stand between a great old buttress and the outer wall, as though it had squeezed itself in there for protection. The sparrows chirped under the house-eaves, and swallows flew in and out the thick thatched roof, and the sweet scent of wallflowers and stocks came up from the green lawn, which was only divided by a tall yew hedge from the Castle grounds. A little girl walked with her nurse, or played with her doll, about the Gable House.

Over the wall, above the roof and the great stack of twisted chimneys, she could see the Castle flag

wave; and when the breeze unfurled its golden eagles above the trees, she would clasp her little hands and whisper in a kind of awe, "The Earl has come!" And it seemed to her the eagles shone so fiercely to keep away all the great man's enemies.

But more often the bare flagstaff stood up against the sky, until perhaps some day, after long, long months, the eagles were unfurled once more, and she would stop in the midst of her play to run and tell her nurse, "The flag has come again, Nurse Patty!" And the Lord of the Castle was a kind of bogey man to the child. She remembered to have seen him only once in all her little life.

Gable House, as it was called, had been part of the Castle long ago, and she was often taken to walk beyond the yew hedge that formed its boundary, to the beautiful gardens with their straight walks that had been trim, but were moss-grown now, and bordered by tangled shrubs.

One day, the child and her nurse were in the pleasure-ground, when the Lord of the Castle came and asked in angry tones what right they had to be there. The nurse explained, faltering: "It is Mistress Ann Egremont, if you please, — Mr. Egremont's little daughter." And his Lordship's harsh voice had softened then, and he bade the child quite gently stay and play where she was.

The child at Gable House had no playfellows. There was a humpbacked lad whose father kept the keys of the Castle, and the children made friends, as children sometimes will, in spite of disparity of age and station, for the boy was many years older than the little lady; but, excepting Nurse Patty and her father, she loved Humpy best of all. She had always called him Humpy since those first days of their acquaintance when she could not lisp his real name, and he used to play ball with her on winter afternoons in the deserted Castle rooms.

As she grew older, the boy would tell her strange stories out of his books — for Humpy could both read and write — about knights and dragons, and about lords and ladies — Egremonts, every one — who used to live at the Castle years gone by. The child's heart would swell with pride while she listened. Was not she an Egremont born? For a child can be proud, too.

Her bright young father used to guide her little hands to tell her beads, and read to her out of Saints' Lives held upon his knee — her mother had died when the child was born. Sometimes her father would call for her to go into the chapel — "Come, Nancy," he would say, "let us thank God!" — or they would sit together on the lawn and talk about the flowers and the birds.

But he was most often at his desk, writing and reading dispatches, that were brought to him by a gray-haired messenger with venerable aspect, who afterwards stood in vestments at the altar to say Mass, while Nancy's father kept the door, and the child said her innocent prayers.

Sometimes Mr. Egremont paced slowly and sadly under the Castle wall, and then Nurse Patty would call "Mistress Ann" to study her primer or play in the distant pleasure-ground, that his melancholy might not be disturbed. It was a solemn life for a little child.

One of Nancy's first recollections was being taken by her father to the house-door, and lifted above the surging heads of an angry crowd, and then, when the noisy mob had gone, being carried to the chapel, where all the lights were extinguished for fear of discovery, and hearing her father out of the darkness put up prayers for the safety of Father Ward. She was not frightened while he held her hand.

One day great news came for the people of Castle Hamlet and Gable House. It was that the Earl of Loveltonne was dead. Nancy heard her father's talk, but did not understand.

"I thank God," Mr. Egremont said, "that my brothers, Ned and Thomas, stand between me and the name of Earl."

The child looked up from her dolls and asked:

"Father, if you please, who will be Lord of the Castle, now that our Earl is dead?"

"What! Art thou there, little one?" He turned in his chair to smile upon her. "Little pitchers have long ears — eh, Nan?" And then, very tenderly, he took her on his knee, and made answer: "Thine Uncle Ned is Lord of Loveltonne and Cardross now, and after him will come his brother, thine Uncle Thomas. But for what intent should we pry into this matter, child? Long ago, I cast in my lot with the persecuted Church in England, and it is the best lot a man can know. My kinsfolk are against me; but it is better, Nancy, to be at war with fame and riches, for no man can serve the world who would follow Christ."

He smiled again, and Nancy smiled, too, though she did not know why.

Then he set her down to play as before.

"Remember," he said to Father Ward, "in any sudden event, you will, of your charity, see my daughter to the care of her mother's sister at Bruges, till she be old enough to choose her state in life. I would not that my brother Ned should claim protection of my daughter, or that she should be called a ward of the King. Heaven forbid she should fall into his Majesty's hands! He would certainly rob her of the Faith; and yet," Nancy's father went on musingly, "it is the Faith his

ancestors and mine have loved — who built fair church and chapel in this land, for the offering of God's Mass."

It was Father Ward of the Society of Jesus, who had been sent to England from Douay College. He said Mass at Loveltonne Castle and administered the Sacraments at the peril of his life. It was he who had received Mr. Egremont into the Catholic Church.

Nancy's father lived only two years more to be his little daughter's protector; and then he died, and Gable House was no longer her home.

Three weeks slipped by, though Father Ward made haste to complete his preparations for Nancy's journey. She was to cross seas to her aunt's care, who was one of the English canonesses of St. Augustine's Rule at Bruges. The good father waited for a suitable escort and passports, and meanwhile an event occurred which was to change the whole course of little Nancy's destiny.

All was in readiness for her immediate departure. Nurse Patricia, and Father Ward, disguised as a servant to a Flemish gentleman who was returning to his own country, were to go with her.

Bad news travels fast, yet this had taken many weeks before it reached the remote Castle village, and then the quiet cottagers were startled to hear how a terrible storm had driven a great ship to pieces, and that the last Earl of Loveltonne and his only remaining brother had been drowned.

**administer** (äd mĭn'is tēr), to dispense, give.

**Bruges** (Brōō'jēz), a city of Belgium.

**buttress** (būt'rēs), a projecting structure.

**canoness** (kăn'ŷn ěs), a woman living with others under a rule, but not under a perpetual vow.

**Cardross** (Kār'drōs).

**destiny** (dēs'tī nī), fate, fortune.

**disparity** (dīs pār'ī tī), difference in age or rank.

**Douay** (Dōō'ā'), a town in France, spelled also Douai.

**dragon** (dräg'ŷn), a huge serpent.

**extinguish** (ĕks tĭn'gwĭsh), to put out.

**Loveltonne** (Lŭv'ĕl tŷn).

**melancholy** (mĕl'ŷn kōl ī), sadness, depression of spirits, gloominess.

**Patricia** (Pā trĭ'shā), a woman's name denoting noble birth.

**venerable** (vĕn'ēr ā b'l), commanding respect, deserving honor; generally implying advanced age.

**yew** (yōō), an evergreen tree of Europe.

## II

A messenger rode in hot haste up the village street, past the Castle; he drew rein before the gate of Gable House. Little Ann Egremont had suddenly risen to be of the first importance to her unknown kinsmen.

When Nurse Patty saw the badge of Loveltonne, she ran — walking was too slow for her. She feared some evil to her dear, dead master's child, for when had those golden eagles meant aught but misery at Gable House? Father Ward went with the old nurse to meet the messenger of evil.

The sun was just setting not only on the Castle, but also on Gable House, with its low, thatched roof and

twisted chimneys; and on Nancy, all unconscious, her lap full of primroses, in the trellised arbor.

The shadows are lengthening, and the golden light grows brighter, when, presently, Nancy, binding her primroses into bunches, lifts her head, and sees Father Ward beckoning her to go to him under the lime-trees.

It was Father Ward's custom to sit there on a bench to say his Office, but to-day his breviary lay neglected on the grass, and he did not seem to have noticed where it fell till Nancy picked it up; then he smiled very sadly.

"Art thou ready, Nan," he said, "for thy journey? And Madam Dolly, she must needs go, too?"

The child thought of the journey to Bruges on the morrow, and how "Reverend Father" was sorry to leave England, and she looked with ready sympathy into his face.

"I have not been thinking about dolls," she answered, with her little serious look. "Humpy says partings are sorrowful events, and I feel very sorry and sad to-day. Nurse Patty cried all this forenoon!"

"Poor, faithful soul!" said Father Ward. "This evening will not see an end to her weeping, but will rather increase it a hundredfold. Nan, my child, something has happened — news has been brought — that, s! must change all our plans, and make thy life,



Nancy, other than I had hoped for, and than thy good young father had intended ; but since it is the sweet will of God, He will give the needful grace, and protect our Nan, whatsoe'er betide. Some would rejoice for the high estate in store for thee," he laid his hand upon her head ; "not thy true friends, Nan ; not thy true friends !"

There was a sad ring in his voice that the child was quick to perceive but could not understand.

"Your father did not often speak of Cleasby, his old home ?"

"Nay, but Nurse Patty told me all I know. The Lord Earl lives there."

"Did live once — lives no more for this world. The Earl of Loveltonne is dead !"

Then Father Ward told of the dreadful storm at sea and the wreck, and the child's sensitive face grew pale while she listened.

A breeze had risen and rustled the lime-tree branches overhead ; a picture, shaped like a heart, fell from between the leaves of Father Ward's Office-book and fluttered away over the grass. It was a relief to him to hear little Nancy's rippling laugh as she dropped her primroses and started in pursuit. He was afraid the news had been too grave for such a child.

"Come," he said, when she returned rosy and breathless to his side, "you have gained a fine color

running after my lost property. We will go into the chapel now and say a prayer for the poor drowned seamen, and, most of all, for your noble kinsmen, perished, alas! both of them so miserably!"

The chapel had been very beautiful once, and Nancy's father had restored its furniture and placed a silver statue of our Lady there, and a silver lamp to hang before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament.

Under the powerful patronage of the Earl of Loveltonne, who was high in the King's favor, his brother had been unmolested, except for the heavy fines exacted for his non-appearance with his little daughter at the parish house. But as tenant of Gable House, Mr. Egremont had made what use he liked of the adjoining chapel. Its real owner avoided the place on those rare occasions when he visited the Castle.

When Father Ward entered the chapel, followed by Nancy, the place was bare and desolate. The statues and pictures had been hidden away, and, instead of the silver lamp that had always hung there, a little rushlight glimmered feebly in the sanctuary to mark the place where the Blessed Sacrament reposed.

To-morrow, at early dawn, Mass would be said there, perhaps, for the last time, and after that only the bare altar would stand — as it had stood when Nancy's father came to restore the worship of his ancestors, ten short years before.

No wonder the priest's face looked troubled as he knelt, and he gave a long-drawn sigh when his eyes fell on Nancy going to place her flowers on the altar steps.

He made a sign for her to follow him into the sacristy, and there he unlocked an iron-studded door that led, as the child well knew, into the old hall of the Castle. The priest had obtained the key of that door for his own use. The porter, Humpy's father, was a Catholic, though he conformed to the State religion for fear of losing his place, and many a priest of the old Faith he had lodged, in secret, in the deserted tower-rooms since young Mr. Egremont came to live at Gable House.

Nancy had often been with the porter's son into the banqueting hall, and as she grew older had stood to look at the pictures there. It was to one of these that Father Ward led her now.

The western sun came through the high casement, a dim glory, intercepted by the colored glass of curious design, and illumined the largest picture of all that was set into the wall at the upper end of the hall. It represented a family party, painted in the fashion of the time: the younger children grouped about a table spread with fruit, the elder ones under a canopy that was ornamented with flying cupids and heraldic devices.

They were Nancy's uncles, those fine lads, and it had always been a puzzle to the child how the stern Earl — the "bogey man" — could ever have resembled his

portrait, smiling there under the canopy. But she loved to think of her own dear father, as the blue-eyed boy with cherries in his chubby hands — such a merry child he looked. Nancy felt certain his mother must have loved him best of all, yes, even better than the pale-faced girl who held him by the hand, and was called the Lady Cecily.

Nancy had often made up stories about that little “picture” girl. She felt she would very much like to have been in her place, and have lived a grand life at the Castle.

But Nancy was not thinking of the “picture” girl now, as she stood silently by Father Ward’s side. She was wondering what it must be like to be drowned, like the poor dead lord and his brother, and whether the boys in the picture had ever thought that they would be drowned when they grew up.

Children’s minds are curious puzzles.

Father Ward was silent, too, watching Nancy, waiting for the child to speak first; afraid of telling her too abruptly what he had brought her there to tell.

Nancy’s little voice soon broke the silence.

“Father, if you please, since our Earl is dead, is there never a one to come after him? I pray you, who will be Lord of our Castle now?”

A conversation one summer morning in the oak parlor at Gable House, only two short years ago, came back

to the priest's mind. Nancy looking up from her dolls, and Nancy's father taking his little daughter on his knee, and telling her that a lowly lot is the royal road to heaven; and now the high estate Mr. Egremont had dreaded for himself, and had rejoiced to think would never be his, had fallen to his little daughter's share.

Father Ward drew near the picture, and pointed to the portraits of the young Earl and his two brothers under the canopy. He wanted to make his words very clear to Nancy: it was difficult for her, he told himself, poor child, to have it all so suddenly thrust upon her — poor little Nancy!

"See, my child," he began, speaking very distinctly and slowly, as though he feared she would not understand him: "your three uncles are dead and have left no children, but yonder boy in the frock, called Harry Egremont, grew up and married, and left a daughter —" He paused.

Nancy's great eyes were fixed upon the priest's face.

"His daughter Ann is the only one of the Egremont family left to bear the name of Loveltonne."

A yellow shaft of light lay across the faces in the picture, and made an aureole of little Nancy's hair as she stood before it, and turned her questioning eyes on Father Ward.

"Is it really this Nancy Egremont?" was what she said.

"Yes," he answered, speaking very slowly. "Nancy, you are the Countess of Loveltonne!"

He could not tell whether she was glad or sorry, the child stood so still; but he could see her little hands clasped tight, and the color come and go in her cheeks.

The priest stooped his tall figure to look into her face. He saw she was trembling.

"But how can a poor little maid be a great lord?" she faltered at last.

She looked a poor little maid indeed, standing in the great deserted hall, that was now all her own.

"The Lady Cecily would have done it well," the child went on; "and often I had wished to be a great lady like her in the picture—but not this! not this!" She shook her little head mournfully.

"God will have care for you, my poor child," Father Ward said. He thought that, young as she was, the little Countess understood and feared the responsibility of her new position, and he went on: "For special need, a special grace is given: it is only when we rashly make selection for ourselves that we ought, nay, we must have fear."

But Nancy was not old enough to dread the future; she was all the time thinking of the "bogey" Earl. She spoke low and fast.

"What makes me afraid is—is thinking upon the stern Lord who lived all alone, and did not love my

father nor me; and — and ” — here a great tear fell — “I do not want to have the name of Earl, and live alone as he did, and have nobody to love me !”

Poor little Countess Ann ! But Father Ward succeeded in consoling her after a while, and, with all a woman’s tenderness, he allayed her fears, till Nancy was able to look into his face and smile.

Then taking her hand in his, perhaps for the last time, they went together into the sacristy and across the darkening chapel, where the feeble light shone like a glowworm out of the dusk.

One more day, one more night, and then a new life for Nancy. She is a countess now, and must go to live with her grandmother in a great manor-house that belonged, as the Old Castle did, to the Earls of Loveltonne.

Perhaps Father Ward thought the child too young to profit by many wise admonitions, for he spoke very little to her about the future, and yet the little he said sank deep. His words came back to Nancy in the hour of trial.

“‘For Faith and King’ — it is the motto of the House of Loveltonne,” he said. “Make it your own, Nan, but ever remember Faith comes first, and see that you obey those set over you in all that is not sin !” and the little heart-shaped picture out of Father Ward’s breviary found its way — with that legend written

upon it, "For Faith and King" — into Nancy's prayer book at parting.

In spite of his strong will, tears came into the priest's eyes, and his courage failed him, when he bade her a last farewell and "God speed."

MRS. SOPHIE DORA MAUDE: *The Child Countess*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

<b>admonition</b> (ăd'mō nīsh'ŭn), a warning, a caution.	<b>heraldic</b> (hě răl'dīk), pertaining to heralds or heraldry.
<b>allay</b> (ă lă'), to soothe, quiet.	<b>intercept</b> (in'tēr sĕpt'), to check, to cut off.
<b>aureole</b> (ô'rĕ ōl), a halo, a crown.	<b>patronage</b> (păt'rŭn āj) favor, protection.
<b>breviary</b> (brĕ'vī ā rī), a book containing the daily office said by priests, etc.	<b>perceive</b> (pĕr sĕv'), to notice, to observe.
<b>canopy</b> (kăn'ō pī), a covering.	<b>trellised</b> (trĕl'ist), latticed.
<b>Cleasby</b> (Klĕz'bī).	

I. 1. When and where did this little girl live? 2. Tell some facts of her early life. 3. How did she know when the Earl of Loveltonne was in the Castle? 4. How did Humpy entertain her? 5. What did her father teach her to do? 6. Why were his brothers against him? 7. In case of his death, what provision did he make for his daughter? 8. Why did Father Ward have to dress as a layman? 9. What prevented him from taking Nancy to Bruges?

II. 1. Tell how Father Ward broke the news to the little countess. 2. Describe the largest picture in the hall of the Gable House. 3. What did Ann say to the priest? 4. How did he console and comfort her? 5. What change did the new honor make in her life? 6. What is meant by the motto, "For Faith and King"?



Expressions for study :

fall into his majesty's hands	surging heads of an angry crowd
little pitchers have long ears	the feeble light
Nancy's rippling laugh	to tell her beads

1. Point out the descriptive and narrative portions of this selection.
2. After you have read these two chapters, tell how you think this story ends.
3. Write a brief outline of the selection.
4. Describe any of the principal scenes.

## TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine :  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine :  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born at Portland, Me. He entered Bowdoin College with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and graduated with the famous class of 1825. He then began the study of law in his father's office, but was soon called to the chair of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater. A few years later, he was made professor in Harvard College.

It was during his residence at Cambridge that he won the hearts of all American children by his beautiful poems, *The Children's Hour*, *Children*, *The Village Blacksmith*, and *The Old Arm Chair*. By many he is regarded as the most remarkable literary man our country has produced. He is without doubt the most popular poet of America.

That the poetry of Longfellow appeals most strongly to the people, no one will deny. But why is this so? It may be answered in this way.

1. *Longfellow loved the common people.* See how faithfully and tenderly he describes the village blacksmith, the farmers of Grand-Pré, Basil the blacksmith, and Priscilla at the spinning wheel.

2. *He had an intense love of nature.* See how beautifully he describes the many scenes which he witnessed as he strolled in fields, in groves, and country roads. (*Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, *An April Day*, *Autumn*, and *Woods in Winter*.)

3. *Longfellow was a deeply religious man.* What excellent Christian thoughts are found in *Evangeline*! In American literature, where can you find truer pictures of a Catholic priest? How charmingly he describes the religious life of the Acadian peasants!



Willy Pogany

LONGFELLOW

## THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

Paul Revere, the American patriot famous for his midnight ride from Boston to Lexington, was born at Boston in the year 1735. He, like his father, was a goldsmith by trade. Shortly before the Revolution, he built a powder mill. He was also one of the party who threw the cargo of tea into Boston Harbor. He belonged to the society of thirty mechanics who banded together to watch the movements of the British. When it was known that the English intended to surprise the patriots at Lexington and Concord, Paul Revere crossed over to Charlestown, and at a signal, rode as fast as he could towards Lexington and Concord, telling the minutemen to be ready for the redcoats. After passing through Lexington, he was stopped at Lincoln; but a friend carried word to Concord. During the War for Independence, he rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the Artillery.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church <sup>1</sup> tower, as a signal light —  
One if by land, and two if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,

<sup>1</sup> The Old North Church, now called Christ's Church, is situated at 189 Salem Street, Boston.

Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "good night," and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war :  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon, like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,  
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the somber rafters, that round him made

Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead  
In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black, that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,

Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then impetuous stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.  
And Lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic,<sup>1</sup> meeting the ocean tides;

<sup>1</sup> The Mystic River rises in Mystic Lake, near Winchester, and flows into Boston Harbor north of Charlestown.

And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog  
That rises after the sun goes down.  
It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,



Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British regulars fired and fled, —  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,  
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex<sup>1</sup> village and farm, —  
A cry of defiance, and not of fear, —  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

<sup>1</sup> Middlesex is one of the counties of Massachusetts embracing Medford, Lexington, Concord, Cambridge, etc.

## AIDS TO STUDY

**alder** (ôl'děr), a small tree, usually growing on moist land.

**belfry arch** (běl'frī ārch), a room in a tower where a bell may be hung.

**bleat** (blēt), to cry like a sheep.

**grenadier** (grěn'ā dēr'), a member of a British regiment.

**impetuous** (Im pět'ū ūs), eager, forcible.

**landscape** (lānd'skāp), a portion of land which the eye can take in in a single view.

**phantom** (fān'tǔm), illusionary.

**somber** (sōm'běr), dusky, gloomy.

**Somerset** (Sūm'ēr sēt).

**spectral** (spēk'trāl), ghostly.

1. For what purpose did the English soldiers go to Lexington and Concord? 2. How far from Boston are both of these places? In what direction? 3. Why was Paul Revere so anxious to learn when the English soldiers started? 4. What was the signal agreed upon? 5. Where did he wait? 6. How did he proceed? 7. How does Longfellow describe the passage of Paul Revere and his steed? 8. What did he hear when he came to the bridge in Concord town? 9. What kind of reception did the American farmers give the British redcoats? 10. What is meant by "A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, and a word that shall echo forevermore"?

1. Repeat the ideas in the order in which they occur and, as nearly as you can, in the language of the poet until you can memorize every line of this stirring and patriotic poem. 2. Point out the figurative expressions in these verses, and tell whether they are used for clearness, force, or beauty of expression.

Every year, thousands of persons, young and old, visit the places through which Paul Revere passed on his patriotic errand. Suppose that you had just been over the route, tell in a short composition the thoughts that might have occurred to you during the imaginary journey.

## HARE AND HOUNDS

There are few books in any language which have been read and enjoyed more by boys and girls than *Tom Brown's School Days* by Thomas Hughes. This interesting story of school life in England has a peculiar charm for both young and old. It acquaints the child of to-day with the schools of England, three or four hundred years ago. It tells how the boys of that time acted and what games they played.

It is interesting to recall that many of the best-known preparatory colleges of England (Winchester, Eton, St. Paul's, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, etc.) were founded and established by Catholic bishops, kings, and laymen, before the time of Henry VIII. Rugby, however, was founded in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The only incident worth recording here, however, was the first run at hare and hounds. On the last Tuesday but one of the half year, Tom was passing through the hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Tadpole and several other fags seated at one of the long tables, the chorus of which was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table in obedience to the mysterious summons, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copy-books, and magazines, into small pieces, with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

"It is the turn of our house to find scent for big-side hare-and-hounds," exclaimed Tadpole; "tear away, there is no time to lose before calling-over."

"I think it is a great shame," said another small boy, "to have such a hard run for the last day."

"Which run is it?" said Tadpole.

"Oh, the Barby run, I hear," answered the other; "nine miles at least, and hard ground; no chance of getting in at the finish unless you are a first-rate scud."

"Well, I am going to have a try," said Tadpole; "it is the last run of the half; and if a fellow gets in at the end, big-side stands for bread and cheese."

"I should like to try, too," said Tom.

"Well, then, leave your waistcoat behind, and listen at the door, after calling-over, and you will hear where the meet is."

After calling-over, sure enough, there were two boys at the door, calling out, "Big-side hare and hounds meet at White Hall"; and Tom, having girded himself with leather strap, and left all superfluous clothing behind, set off for White Hall, an old gable-ended house some quarter of a mile from the town, with East, whom he had persuaded to join, notwithstanding his prophecy that they could never get in, as it was the hardest run of the year.

At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys; and Tom felt sure, from having seen many of them run at football, that he and East were more likely to get in than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well-known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on the four bags filled with scent, compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne, and started off at a long slinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered around Thorne, who explained shortly, "They are to have six minutes' law. We run into the Cock, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares will be counted, if he has been round Barby church." Then came a minute's pause or so, and then the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through the gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed. Here they break into a trot, scattering over the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along. The old hounds make straight for the likely points, and in a minute a cry of "Forward" comes from one of them, and the whole pack quickening their pace make for the spot, while the boy who hit the scent first, and the two or three nearest to him, are over the first fence, and making play along the hedgerow in the long grass field beyond. The rest of the pack rush at the gap already made, and scramble

through, jostling one another. "Forward" again, before they are half through; the pace quickens into a sharp run, the tail hounds all straining to get up with the lucky leaders. They are gallant hares, and the scent lies thick right across another meadow and into a plowed field, where the pace begins to tell; then over a good wattle with a ditch on the other side, and down a large pasture studded with old thorns, which slopes down to the first brook; the great Leicestershire sheep charge away across the field as the pack come racing down the slope. The brook is a small one, and the scent lies right ahead up the opposite slope, and as thick as ever; not a turn or a check to favor the tail hounds, who strain on, now trailing in a long line, many a youngster beginning to drag his legs heavily, and feel his heart beat like a hammer, and the bad plucked ones thinking that after all it is not worth while to keep it up.

Tom, East, and the Tadpole had a good start, and are well up for such young hands, and after rising the slope and crossing the next field, find themselves up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are trying back; they have come a mile and a half in about eleven minutes, a pace that shows that it is the last day. About twenty-five of the original starters only show here, the rest having already given in; the leaders are busy making casts into the fields

on the left and right, and the others get their second winds.

Then comes the cry of "Forward" again, from young Brooke, from the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again steadily and doggedly, and the whole keeping pretty well together. The scent, though still good, is not so thick; there is no need of that, for in this part of the run every one knows the line which must be taken, and so there are no casts to be made, but good downright running and fencing to be done. All who are now up mean coming in, and they come to the foot of Barby Hill without losing more than two or three more of the pack. This last straight two miles and a half is always a vantage ground for the hounds, and the hares know it well; they are generally viewed on the side of Barby Hill, and all eyes are on the lookout for them to-day. But not a sign of them appears, so now will be the hard work for the hounds, and there is nothing for it but to cast about for the scent, for it is now the hares' turn, and they may baffle the pack dreadfully in the next two miles.

Ill fares it now with our youngsters that they are schoolhouse boys, and so follow young Brooke; for he takes the wide casts round to the left, conscious of his own powers, and loving the hard work. For if you would consider for a moment, you small boys,

you would remember that the Cock, where the run ends, and bread and cheese are, lies far out to the right on the Dunchurch road, so that every cast you take to the left is so much extra work. And at this stage of the run, when the evening is closing in already, no one remarks whether you run a little cunning or not, so you should stick to those crafty hounds who keep edging away to the right, and not follow a prodigal like young Brooke, whose legs are twice as long as yours and of cast-iron; wholly indifferent to two or three miles more or less. However, they struggle after him, sobbing and plunging along, Tom and East pretty close, and Tadpole, whose big head begins to pull him down, some thirty yards behind.

Now comes a brook, with stiff clay banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs; and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "Forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them; they can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so, too, and says kindly, "You will cross a lane after next field, keep down it, and you will hit the Dunchurch road below the Cock," and then steams away for the run in, in which he is sure to be first, as if he were just starting. They



struggle on across the next field, the "Forward" getting fainter and fainter, and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of earshot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"Hang it all!" broke out East, as soon as he had got wind enough, pulling off his hat and mopping at his face, all spattered with dirt and lined with sweat, from which went up a thick steam into the still, cold air. "I told you how it would be. What a thick I was to come! Here we are dead beat, and yet I know we are close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away, and gulping down his disappointment, "it cannot be helped. We did our best, anyhow. Had we not better find this lane, and go down it as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so — nothing else for it," grunted East. "If ever I go out last day again," growl — growl — growl.

So they tried back slowly and sorrowfully, and found the lane, and went limping down it, splashing in the cold, puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken it out of them. The evening closed in fast, and clouded over, dark, cold, and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking-up, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence; "it is so dark."

"What if we are late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

The thought did not add to their cheerfulness. Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, hoping for some competent rustic to guide them, when over the gate some twenty yards ahead crawled the wretched Tadpole, in a state of collapse; he had lost a shoe in the brook, and been groping after it up to his elbows on the stiff, wet clay, and a more miserable creature in the shape of boy seldom has been seen.

The sight of him, notwithstanding, cheered them, for he was some degrees more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was now no longer under the dread of passing his night alone in the fields. And so in better heart, the three splashed painfully down the never ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set in, and they came out on a turnpike road, and there paused bewildered, for they had lost all bearings, and knew not whether to turn to the right or left.

Luckily for them they had not to decide, for lumbering along the road, with one lamp lighted, and two spavined horses in the shafts, came a heavy coach, which after a moment's suspense they recognized as the Oxford coach, the redoubtable Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys, mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began scrambling up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up and agreed to take them in for a shilling; so there they sat on the back seat, drubbing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up.

Five minutes afterwards, three small, limping, shivering figures steal along through the Doctor's garden, and into the house by the servants' entrance (all the other gates have been closed long since), where the first thing they light upon in the passage is old Thomas, ambling along, candle in one hand and keys in the other.

He stops and examines their condition with a grim smile. "Ah! East, Hall, and Brown, late for locking-up. Must go to the Doctor's study at once."

"Well, but, Thomas, may we not go and wash first? You can put down the time, you know."

"Doctor's study directly you come in — that is the orders," replied old Thomas, motioning towards the stairs at the end of the passage which led up into the Doctor's house; and the boys turned ruefully down it, not cheered by the old verger's muttered remark, "What a pickle the boys be in!" Thomas

referred to their faces and habiliments, but they construed it as indicating the Doctor's state of mind. Upon the short flight of stairs they paused to hold counsel.

"Who will go in first?" inquires Tadpole.

"You — you are the senior," answered East.

"Catch me — look at the state I am in," rejoined Hall, showing the arms of his jacket. "I must get behind you two."

"Well, but look at me," said East, indicating the mass of clay behind which he was standing; "I am worse than you, two to one; you might grow cabbages on my trousers."

"That is all down below, and you can keep your legs behind the sofa," said Hall.

"Here, Brown, you are the show figure — you must lead."

"But my face is all muddy," argued Tom.

"Oh, we are all in one boat for that matter; but come on, we are only making it worse, dawdling here."

"Well, just give us a brush, then," said Tom; and they began trying to rub off the superfluous dirt from each other's jackets, but it was not dry enough, and the rubbing made it worse; so in despair they pushed through the swing door at the head of the stairs, and found themselves in the Doctor's hall.

"That is the library door," said East, in a whisper, pushing Tom forwards. The sound of merry voices and laughter came from within, and his first hesitating knock was unanswered. But at the second, the Doctor's voice said, "Come in"; and Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

The Doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom of a boy's sailing boat, the lines of which he was no doubt fashioning on the model of one of Nicias' galleys. Round him stood three or four children; the candles burnt brightly on a large table at the further end, covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly, and homely, and comfortable, that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The Doctor nodded to the children, who went out, casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

"Well, my little fellows," began the Doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand, and his coat tails in the other, and his eyes twinkling as he looked them over, "what makes you so late?"

"Please, sir, we have been out big-side hare and hounds, and lost our way."

"Hah! you could not keep on, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking that the Doctor should think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then" —

"Why, what a state you are in, my boy!" interrupted the Doctor, as the pitiful condition of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

"That is the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East, looking down at himself; "the old Pig came by" —

"The what?" said the Doctor.

"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Hall.

"Hah! yes, the Regulator," said the Doctor.

"And I tumbled on my face, trying to get up behind," went on East.

"You are not hurt, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well, now run upstairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You are too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I have seen you. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And away scuttled the three boys in high glee.

"What a brick, not to give us even twenty lines to learn!" said the Tadpole, as they reached their bedroom; and in half an hour afterwards they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at a sumptuous

tea, with cold meat, "twice as good a grub as we should have got in the hall," as the Tadpole remarked with a grin, his mouth full of buttered toast. All their grievances were forgotten, and they were resolving to go out the first big-side next half, and thinking hare-and-hounds the most delightful of games.

THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School Days*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

Thomas Hughes (1823-1896), an English author and statesman, was born in Uppington, England. Though he has written more than a dozen books, *Tom Brown's School Days* is the one that remains most popular with boys and girls.

<b>amble</b> (ām'b'l), to go at an easy gait.	<b>ruefully</b> (rōō'fōol lī), pitifully, woefully.
<b>baffle</b> (bāf'l), to delude, puzzle.	<b>sidle</b> (sī'd'l), to saunter idly, move sidewise.
<b>competent</b> (kōm'pē tēnt), capable, suitable.	<b>spavined</b> (spāv'ind), lamed, affected by spavin.
<b>construe</b> (kōn'strōō), to infer, explain the sense of, interpret.	<b>superfluous</b> (sū pūr'fōō ūs), useless, unnecessary.
<b>drubbing</b> (drüb'ing), beating.	<b>vantage ground</b> (ván'táj ground'), a place which gives one an advantage over another.
<b>habiliments</b> (há bīl'ī mēnts), dress, costume.	<b>verger</b> (vūr'jēr), one who takes care of a church building.
<b>Nicias</b> (Nīsh'ī ās), a Greek painter.	<b>wattle</b> (wōt'l), a framework made of rods.
<b>redoubtable</b> (rē dout'ā b'l), formidable, renowned.	

1. Have you ever seen the game of hare-and-hounds played in this country? 2. Why do you think boys like to play at that

game? 3. Give a brief account of the course followed by the boys in this story. 4. Tell what you know about the school which Tom Brown attended. 5. How were East, Hall, and Brown delayed? 6. Describe their conditions as they entered the Doctor's (President's) study. 7. Why were they surprised by the kind reception which they received? 8. How did they afterwards fare? 9. Select the words that you think are not used in ordinary speech ; then give the synonyms for them.

Expressions for study :

ambling along

away scuttled the three boys

break into a trot

dawdling here

every cast you take

ill fares it now

sided into the room

tear up scent

Reread the story of the race, beginning at the point where the comrades start to run. Read to the point where the three boys enter the Doctor's garden. 1. How well can you tell the story from memory? 2. At what points does the narration of events stop to introduce descriptions? 3. Where does the conversation begin? 4. What is the purpose of the conversation? 5. Describe the places through which the race passed. 6. Write a brief story of a game using narration, description, and conversation.

---

In vain we call old notions fudge

And bend our conscience to our dealing ;

The Ten Commandments will not budge,

And stealing will continue stealing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

If we had lived in the great busy city of London nearly one hundred years ago, we might have made the acquaintance of a charming little girl with golden tresses as she played hide-and-go-seek with her companions. We might have noticed her active interest in all games of fun, her hearty laugh, her thoughtful regard for others, and her great desire to please all her companions.

At school, this lovable child, Adelaide Anne Procter, was by far the brightest pupil in the class. She always paid the closest attention to the words of her teacher; and she entered into her school work with unusual interest and determination. Her favorite study was language. Many an hour she spent reading story books, fables, hero tales, and child verse.

Charles Dickens tells us that before little Adelaide could write a word she showed a real love for poetry. She had her mother copy in a tiny album all the passages which she liked. This little volume she always carried with her just as another child would carry a doll.

At the age of eighteen, golden-tressed Adelaide contributed a number of poems to the *Book of Beauty*; and ten years later she wrote others for *Household Words*. Her chief works are *Legends and Lyrics*, first and second series, and a *Chaplet of Verses*.

Towards the end of her short life, in 1851, she was received into the Catholic Church in whose works of charity she was deeply interested. When not engaged in her study, she went about helping the poor and lowly and giving special attention to the support of a Night Refuge for the care of homeless boys and girls.



*W. H. Pogany*

**ADELAIDE PROCTER**

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ<sup>1</sup>

Girt round with rugged mountains

The fair Lake Constance lies ;

In her blue heart reflected

Shine back the starry skies ;

And, watching each white cloudlet

Float silently and slow,

You think a piece of heaven

Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there : and Silence,

Enthroned in heaven, looks down

Upon her own calm mirror,

Upon a sleeping town :

For Bregenz, that quaint city

Upon the Tyrol <sup>2</sup> shore,

Has stood above Lake Constance

A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,

From off their rocky steep,

<sup>1</sup> Bregenz, a town in Tyrol, is situated at the eastern end of Lake Constance.

<sup>2</sup> Tyrol is the most southerly province of the Austrian empire and is bounded on the south, southeast, and southwest by Italy. It is a mountainous country, and, in regard to scenery, it is second only to Switzerland, of which it may be regarded as a continuation.

Have cast their trembling shadow  
For ages on the deep :  
Mountain, and lake, and valley,  
A sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved, one night,  
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,  
A Tyrol maid had fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys,  
And toil for daily bread ;  
And every year that fled  
So silently and fast,  
Seemed to bear farther from her  
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,  
Nor asked for rest or change ;  
Her friends seemed no more new ones,  
Their speech seemed no more strange ;  
And when she led her cattle  
To pasture every day,  
She ceased to look and wonder  
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,  
With longing and with tears ;  
Her Tyrol home seemed faded

In a deep mist of years ;  
She heeded not the rumors  
Of Austrian war and strife ;  
Each day she rose, contented,  
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children  
Would clustering round her stand,  
She sang them ancient ballads  
Of her own native land ;  
And when at morn and evening  
She knelt before God's throne,  
The accents of her childhood  
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt : the valley  
More peaceful year by year ;  
When suddenly strange portents  
Of some great deed seemed near.  
The golden corn was bending  
Upon its fragile stock,  
While farmers, heedless of their fields,  
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,  
With looks cast on the ground ;  
With anxious faces, one by one,  
The women gathered round ;

All talk of flax, or spinning,  
Or work, was put away ;  
The very children seemed afraid  
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow  
With strangers from the town,  
Some secret plan discussing,  
The men walked up and down.  
Yet now and then seemed watching  
A strange uncertain gleam,  
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,  
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,  
Then care and doubt were fled ;  
With jovial laugh they feasted ;  
The board was nobly spread.  
The elder of the village  
Rose up, his glass in hand,  
And cried, "We drink the downfall  
Of an accursed land !

"The night is growing darker,  
Ere one more day is flown,  
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,  
Bregenz shall be our own !"

The women shrank in terror  
    (Yet Pride, too, had her part),  
But one poor Tyrol maiden  
    Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz ;  
    Once more her towers arose ;  
What were the friends beside her ?  
    Only her country's foes !  
The faces of her kinsfolk,  
    The days of childhood flown,  
The echoes of her mountains,  
    Reclaimed her as their own !

Nothing she heard around her  
    (Though shouts rang forth again),  
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,  
    The pasture, and the plain ;  
Before her eyes one vision,  
    And in her heart one cry,  
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,  
    And then, if need be, die !"

With trembling haste and breathless,  
    With noiseless step, she sped ;  
Horses and weary cattle  
    Were standing in the shed ;

She loosed the strong, white charger,  
That fed from out her hand,  
She mounted, and she turned his head  
Towards her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —  
Faster, and still more fast;  
The smooth grass flies behind her,  
The chestnut wood is past;  
She looks up; clouds are heavy:  
Why is her steed so slow? —  
Scarcely the wind beside them  
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “O faster!”  
Eleven the church bells chime:  
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,  
And bring me there in time!”  
But louder than bells’ ringing,  
Or lowing of the kine,  
Grows nearer in the midnight  
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters  
Their headlong gallop check?  
The steed draws back in terror,  
She leans upon his neck



To watch the flowing darkness ;  
The bank is high and steep ;  
One pause — he staggers forward,  
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,  
And looser throws the rein ;  
Her steed must breast the waters  
That dash above his mane.  
How gallantly, how nobly,  
He struggles through the foam,  
And see — in the far distance  
Shine out the lights of home !

Up the steep banks he bears her,  
And now, they rush again  
Towards the heights of Bregenz  
That tower above the plain.  
They reach the gate of Bregenz,  
Just as the midnight rings,  
And out comes serf and soldier  
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight  
Her battlements are manned ;  
Defiance greets the army  
That marches on the land.

And if to deeds heroic  
Should endless fame be paid,  
Bregenz does well to honor  
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,  
And yet upon the hill  
An old stone gateway rises,  
To do her honor still.  
And there, when Bregenz women  
Sit spinning in the shade,  
They see in quaint old carving  
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,  
By gateway, street, and tower,  
The warder paces all night long  
And calls each passing hour ;  
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,  
And then (O crown of Fame !)  
When midnight pauses in the skies,  
He calls the maiden's name !

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

### AIDS TO STUDY

accursed (ă kûr'sĕd), detestable.

battlement (băt'ł mĕnt), a breast-  
work, a parapet.

Bregenz (Bră'gĕnts).

portents (pôr'tĕnts), omens, signs.

Tyrol (Tŷr'öl).

1. What is the meaning of a legend? 2. How does it differ from an historical fact? 3. What other legends do you know? 4. How does the poet describe the town of Bregenz in the first two stanzas? 5. What is the chief purpose of the poem? 6. Why did the maid leave her own beautiful country for Switzerland? 7. After she had spent a few years there, what happened? 8. How did the maid find out what the Swiss intended to do? 9. What did she do about it? 10. How did she cross the Rhine? 11. What did the inhabitants of Bregenz do when she told them what she had heard? 12. How have the people honored her? 13. What ride in American history resembles this legend?

Expressions for study:

from off their rocky steep	the deep mist of years
golden corn	the echoes of her mountains
her blue heart	the memory of the past
silence enthroned in heaven	the smooth grass flies

1. Point out the most striking passages of this poem, and give the reason for your choice. 2. "Figurative language is the result of imagination. The poet imagines that the stars resemble eyes, because they are bright and seem to look at us. In like manner, the snow is regarded as a white robe, the oak is regarded as a monarch. When a writer represents inanimate things as persons possessing life and intelligence, these things are said to be personified." Point out the personified words in this poem. 3. Suppose that you were the Tyrolese maid mentioned in this story-poem, tell in writing what you would have done in this situation.

## REVEREND ALBAN BUTLER

Rev. Alban Butler (1700–1773), one of England's great Catholic scholars, was born in Northampton, England. At the age of eight he was sent to Douay College, France. As a pupil and subsequently as a professor, in this seat of learning, Father Butler was unrelenting in his application to study. There it was that he laid the foundation for the great works, *Feasts and Fasts*, *The Lives of the Saints*, and *Travels through France and Italy*, which will remain a lasting monument to his name.

About the year 1746, Father Butler was sent on the English mission, and soon after became chaplain and tutor to the young Duke of Norfolk. When the priests of the Society of Jesus were driven out of France, Father Butler was appointed president of the English College at St. Omer, and filled that position till his death in 1773.

His great work, *The Lives of the Saints*, was first published in five quarto volumes in 1745, and has since passed through many editions. "It exhibits," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "great industry and research, with considerable power of expression; and is in all respects the best work of its kind in English literature."

Father Butler had a natural liking for study and research. One of his friends gives a good illustration of this. He said: "Every instant that Father Butler did not dedicate to the government of his college, he employed in study; and when obliged to go abroad he would read as he walked along the streets. I have met him with a book under each arm and a third in his hands."



Rev. A. BUTLER

## ST. LAWRENCE, MARTYR

Among the eminent saints of the Catholic Church, there are few more remarkable than the great St. Lawrence, whose feast occurs on the tenth of August. It is regrettable that very little is known of his early years. It appears that he was a native of Spain. Be that as it may, he became a special friend of St. Xystus, the archdeacon of Rome; and when the latter became Pope Sixtus II, one of his first acts was to ordain St. Lawrence a deacon with special charge of the treasury of the Church and the care of the poor.

In that same year, the Roman Emperor Valerian commanded all the bishops, priests, and deacons to be put to death. He thought that the best way of exterminating Christianity was to do away with the shepherds of the flock.

In 258, Pope Sixtus II was apprehended. As he was led to execution, St. Lawrence followed him and said: "Where are you going, Holy Father, without your deacon? You were never wont to offer sacrifice without me, your minister. Have I displeased you, dear Father?"

Pope Sixtus was moved with compassion at the sight of his holy deacon. He tried to comfort St. Lawrence in these words: "It is not my wish to leave you, my

good friend. A greater trial and a more glorious victory is reserved for you now in the vigor of your youth. You shall follow me to martyrdom in three days."

Having said this, he ordered St. Lawrence to distribute the treasures of the Church among the poor, lest they should fall into the hands of the persecutors.

Thoroughly convinced that the prophetic words of Pope Sixtus II would come true, St. Lawrence set out at once to seek all the poor widows and orphans so as to give each of them his share of the Church's treasury.

In the meantime, the Roman prefect desired to get possession of the sacred vessels and vestments of the Church with a view of selling them. Accordingly he sent for St. Lawrence, and ordered him to produce the treasures of the Church.

The good saint said to him: "I will show you a valuable part; but allow me a little time to set everything in order, and to make an inventory."

The prefect granted him three days of grace. During this time, St. Lawrence went through the city seeking out in every street those who were supported by the Church. On the third day, he gathered together a large number of them in front of the church, and placed them in rows: the decrepit, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the maimed, the orphans, and the widows.

When the Roman prefect came on the appointed day, he was astonished to see such a large crowd of pitiable

cases. On second thought, the sight of them made him very angry. In this frame of mind, he turned to St. Lawrence, and asked: "What is the meaning of this crowd of beggars? Where are the treasures that you promised to show me?"

St. Lawrence answered him very humbly in these remarkable words: "These are the treasures that I promised to show you."

The prefect was hardly able to contain himself. With an angry voice, he shouted: "Do you wish to mock me? Is this the way that you insult an officer of the Roman power? I know that you desire to die. But you shall not die immediately. I will prolong your tortures so that your death may be more bitter. You shall die inch by inch."

"I am ready for the worst," replied the saint. "Did not Jesus die on the cross for me? Yes; and I am now willing to take up my cross and follow Him."

At the command of the prefect, the great gridiron was prepared, and live coals were placed under it. St. Lawrence was divested of his clothing, bound with heavy chains, and attached to the instrument of torture, there to be subjected to slow burning. But, by a special grace of God, this holy martyr was not allowed to feel the terrible torture of the gridiron.

It is related that after being thoroughly roasted on one side, he turned to his persecutors, and with a smile



on his face said to them : " Let my body be turned over ; one side is broiled enough."

Then lifting up his eyes to his heavenly Father, and offering a fervent prayer for the great city of Rome and its inhabitants, this brave soldier of Christ breathed his last sigh.

REV. ALBAN BUTLER : *The Lives of the Saints.*

### AIDS TO STUDY

**application** (äp'li kä'shžn), attention, effort.

**decrepit** (dě krěp't), infirm, worn out.

**exterminate** (ěks tūr'mī nāt), to destroy utterly, drive out.

**inventory** (in'ven tō ri), an itemized list of goods or valuables.

**subsequently** (süb'sě quěnt lý), later.

**Xystus** (Zis'tūs), a priest who became Pope Sixtus II.

1. In what century did St. Lawrence live? 2. From what country did he come? 3. What did his friend, Archdeacon Xystus, when he became Pope, do for Lawrence? 4. In what particular work was our saint engaged? 5. Give the conversation which took place between himself and Pope Sixtus II as the latter was led to martyrdom. 6. What did the Roman prefect wish to get from St. Lawrence? 7. How did the saint fulfill his promise to the prefect? 8. Did the prefect enjoy the joke? 9. How was St. Lawrence put to death? 10. When does his feast-day occur?

Expressions for study :

in this frame of mind  
inch by inch  
slow burning  
the vigor of your youth

three days of grace  
to contain himself  
with a view  
you were never wont

1. If you have access to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Alzog's *Universal History of the Church*, or Darras's *Complete History of the Church*, read about the early persecutions of the Church.
2. Make a clear statement in writing of the steps that are taken in the canonization of a saint.

## BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him ;  
The thorn tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with Death and Shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last ;  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last  
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

## WILLIAM COWPER

When a boy six years of age, William Cowper's mother died. On account of this great loss to the family William was sent to a boarding school in Bedfordshire. There, on account of his delicate health, he was exposed to the laughter and ridicule of his companions. One of them especially made young Cowper's life miserable.

When this matter was brought to the attention of his father, William, after passing a year or two under a doctor's care, was sent to Westminster School. There, too, his experiences were anything but pleasant; so much so that he contracted a hatred for schools; and he carried that feeling to the grave.

As a young man, he selected the profession of law. But unfortunately his heart was not in the study. Consequently, when he took possession of an office, he neither sought business, nor did business seek him. He naturally grew more and more discouraged until finally, at the age of fifty, he gave up the practice of law and began his career as a poet and writer.

It appears that Cowper was a victim of melancholy. On one occasion a literary friend, Lady Austin, paid a visit to the poet's home; and, finding him in a despondent mood, she related the facts contained in the story-poem of *John Gilpin*, in order to cheer his spirits. Cowper was delighted with Lady Austin's visit, and at once set to work to put into poetic form the tale which she had told him.

It was a great surprise to his friends to see how thoroughly he rid himself of his melancholy to enter into the spirit to write such a witty and humorous ballad. But, when his task was finished, he went back again to his sad and sorrowful mode of life.



**COWPER**

## JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown ;  
A trainband captain eke was he,  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear —  
“Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

“To-morrow is our wedding day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton  
All in a chaise and pair.

“My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear ;  
Therefore it shall be done.

“I am a linen draper bold,  
As all the world doth know ;

And my good friend, the calender,  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ;  
And, for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed  
Where they did all get in —  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels —  
Were never folks so glad ;  
The stone did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride —  
But soon came down again :

For saddletree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came : for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind ;  
When, Betty, screaming, came down stairs —  
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he — "yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)  
Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.



So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;  
Away went hat and wig ;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow — the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay ;  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung —  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all ;

And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?  
His fame soon spread around —  
"He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here’s the house,”  
They all at once did cry !  
“The dinner waits, and we are tired :”  
Said Gilpin — “So am I !”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there ;  
For why ? — his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong ;

So did he fly — which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you must and shall —  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

“I came because your horse would come;  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear —  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit —  
“My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,  
“I am in haste to dine ;

'Twas for your pleasure you came here —  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,  
For which he paid full dear !  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half a crown.

And thus unto the youth she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
    John coming back amain —  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
    By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
    And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
    And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
    Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
    The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
    Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
    They raised the hue and cry :

“Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!”  
    Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that passed that way  
    Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
    Flew open in short space ;

The tollmen thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

### AIDS TO STUDY

**accosted** (ă kôst'əd), greeted.

**bray** (bră), the cry of a donkey.

**calender** (kăl'ên dêr), a person who works at finishing paper or woven goods.

**chaise** (shāz), a two-wheeled carriage.

**Edmonton** (Ēd'măn tăn), a suburb of London.

**equipped** (ē kwîpt'), furnished, fitted out.

**frugal** (frōō'găl), thrift, saving, sparing.

**gambols** (găm'bôlz), pranks.

**guise** (gîz), manner.

**Islington** (Īz'lîng tăn), a part of London.

**saddletree** (săd'l trē'), the frame of a saddle.

**trainband** (trăn'bănd'), a company of trained citizen-soldiers, like the militia.

1. Tell why you like the story of John Gilpin. 2. Why were Mr. Gilpin and his wife going to town? 3. How did they proceed to Edmonton? 4. In what business was John Gilpin



engaged? 5. What incident showed that John had an eye for business? 6. Describe John as he was about to set out for Edmonton. 7. How did the nimble steed treat him? 8. Describe the attitude of Mr. Gilpin as the horse began to run away. 9. What did Mrs. Gilpin say to John as the steed flew by the place where they were to dine? 10. Where did the horse stop? 11. What questions did the calender ask of John? 12. How did Mr. Gilpin answer him? 13. What then did the calender bring? 14. What frightened the horse the second time? 15. What did the postboy try to do? 16. What did the six gentlemen think when they saw John flying by followed by the postboy? 17. Would you like to have seen John Gilpin on that occasion?

Expressions for study :

all agog	in a trice
all in a chaise and pair	in merry pin
as needs he must	in such trim
from top to toe	neck or nought
good lack	on horseback after we
hue and cry	to make his balance true

1. The amusing incidents of this poem will lend themselves to exercises in drawing. Select the incidents that an artist would consider for illustration. 2. Can you make sketches to illustrate them? 3. You will notice that there is a tendency to read poetry in a sing-song manner. Why is this so? Has it anything to do with the regularity of the stress or accent; or does it come from the rhyming of the last words of the lines? 4. Read the first stanza, and tell which lines rhyme, and where the accent falls. 5. If you were in John Gilpin's place, tell what you would have done when the horse ran past the inn.

## HE TRUSTED IN GOD

The way in which the best and holiest souls are sometimes tried by God, and the manner in which He often brings about their deliverance by the most unexpected means, is fully shown in the true story which follows.

### I

In a convent in Rome, certain additions were found necessary to facilitate the works of retreats. The new buildings were to be carried out according to the plans and under the supervision of a very clever nun, who came daily to give directions and to watch the progress of the work.

The mechanics employed were generally of good character; but one in particular, named Paul Dionisi, was noted for his manly, earnest, quiet piety, and his conscientious performance of every duty intrusted to him.

Yet he was a bright, cheerful, active man, not in the least disposed to set himself up as better than his neighbors, and always ready to share in any innocent amusement. But the most remarkable feature in his character was his simple, unhesitating trust in God, and his deeply-rooted conviction that whatever happened to him was ordered by One Who knew what was best for him. That being so, he felt that a cheer-

ful acceptance of God's will was not only his best and wisest course, but a plain duty.

Things went well with him for many years. He married a good and industrious woman, and had five children, who were well and carefully trained. In spite of the occasional jeers of the most careless among his fellow workmen, he was respected by all of them; for they always found him ready to do them a kind and a good turn.

One morning he did not appear at his work as usual, and on inquiry the nun heard that he had taken a violent chill, which he had neglected, and was then seriously ill. He came to the convent a little later, however; but was so sick that the nun insisted on his going home after she had given him some simple remedies.

Being anxious about him, she not only sent a doctor to see him for the first three or four days, but persuaded him to stay in bed every morning and to come to work in the afternoon. She did this with the understanding that he would receive his full wages so that his family might not suffer.

It was this nun's business to pay the men and keep the accounts, so she carefully marked down the three days in her books when Paul had thus been laid up — with what important result our readers will presently learn.

The buildings went on, the finer portions being always reserved for Paul. One morning, the nun came later than usual to the buildings, and to her astonishment found the work stopped and the men talking in groups, apparently in great agitation. Evidently something most unusual had happened. Paul, too, was nowhere to be seen!

In answer to her eager inquiries, she was told in breathless accents and almost in one voice, that Paul had been seized the night before by the police and carried off to prison. Why or wherefore, nobody could imagine! Dismay was painted on every face, and no possible reason could be suggested to account for Paul's arrest. Soon after, his poor wife arrived at the convent, quite broken-hearted at what had happened, and explained the whole matter.

It seemed that a year or two before, they had taken into their house for a little time a lodger who had appeared respectable, and who had given in his papers (a necessary form in Rome) under a certain name. Paul found out, however, by degrees, that he had several different and false names, and that letters and parcels were continually coming to him from various quarters.

There were several other mysterious things about his lodger which excited Paul's suspicions; and finally he made up his mind to get rid of him. The man was

furious at being sent away, but dissembled his anger and his cruel plans of revenge ; only asking as a favor that he might leave a heavy box behind him for a time, which for greater security he walled up in a disused chimney, until such time as he should come for it.

This man, two years after, was discovered by the police to be a coiner of false money, and, when he was arrested, he declared that his tools were left in Paul's house.

The police came, found the box and all the forger's implements, and, naturally thinking that Paul was an accomplice, threw him also into prison.

In vain he protested his innocence and his entire ignorance of the contents of the box, the very existence of which he had almost forgotten. In vain did the parish priest and many others come forward at the preliminary trial, attesting the excellence of his character.

"There are too many people apparently of the most respectable kind implicated in this matter," replied the superintendent of police.

So poor Paul was marched off to prison till the time of the regular trial. There he remained for nearly six months, during which time his wife and children suffered extreme want. For some weeks even the nuns did not know of the distress the members of Paul's

family were in, as they were not the kind to beg or ask for anything. It was only later, the Sisters heard that on Christmas Day they had had nothing but some radishes and water for dinner!

There were not wanting envious and malicious people, who rejoiced secretly in their misery, treated and spoke of Paul's previous good conduct as that of a hypocrite, and felt even glad at one being removed from their midst whose honesty had been a constant reproach to them and their nefarious practices.

**accomplice** (ă kôm'plīs), an associate in wrongdoing.

**agitation** (ăj'ī tā'shŭn), excitement.

**conscientious** (kôn'shī ěn'shŭs), faithful, exact.

**dissemble** (dī sēm'b'l), to deceive, disguise.

**facilitate** (fā sīl'ī tāt), to make easy.

**forgery** (fôr'jĕr), one who makes false money.

**hypocrite** (hĭp'ō krĭt), one who pretends to be what he is not.

**implicate** (ĭm'plī kāt), to involve.

**industrious** (ĭn dŭs'trī ŭs), busy.

**malicious** (mā lĭsh'ŭs), evil-minded, spiteful.

**nefarious** (nĕ fā'rī ŭs), wicked.

**preliminary** (prĕ lĭm'ī nā rī), preparatory.

**superintendence** (sŭ'pĕr ĭn tĕnd'ĕns), inspection, direction.

## II

There is an old saying that "misfortunes never come single," and so it turned out in the case of this poor family. For the eldest boy, Louis, who was working in a factory, had his arm and hand crushed

by a wheel. As a consequence, he was for a long time unable to bring in any help.

The nuns took the little girls into their school, and were astonished to find them so advanced in religious knowledge. But when the children said that their father every evening after work explained the Catechism to them, the Sisters were not so much surprised.

In the meantime, Paul's conduct in the prison had won the admiration and esteem of all the officials. They found he had such influence over the other prisoners, that they moved him from one ward to another, so that all might be brought into habits of order and obedience by his example. He helped also in repairing and ornamenting several parts of the prison, and was always cheerful and resigned to the will of God, saying that in God's own good time his innocence would be proved. His conduct was in fact so exemplary that the governor of the prison himself proposed that Paul should be let out on bail, which was granted.

Many people advised him then to leave the country ; and his sister, who was settled near Salerno, implored him to come and take refuge with her, and to bring his whole family. He consulted his good friends, the nun and the parish priest, and they agreed with him that it was better not.

"Were I to fly," he said, "people would say I was guilty: whereas if I stand the test of the trial, I feel sure I shall be acquitted."

Thus he remained in the old house, and went about his work as usual, every one hastening to employ him, so that his family were soon relieved from want. His sister took the two eldest girls, and gave them an excellent education.

But now the day of trial came, and Paul readily answered the summons to appear. After a lengthy examination of an immense number of witnesses, all the prisoners were condemned, including Paul, to twelve years of the galleys!

Paul's friends, and especially the nuns, were in despair. The one who knew him best resolved to move heaven and earth to save him. She sent for one of the judges, whom she knew, and implored leave to see the papers which gave the grounds of his accusation.

On carefully examining them, she found that Paul's share in the supposed crime, and in the consequent terrible sentence, rested on the fact that during three given days the forger had declared that Paul had gone with him to a certain place outside Rome to work at the production of the counterfeit money.

She turned to her books, and found, with a joy which it is difficult to express, that those were the very days on which Paul had been ill, when she had given him



his medicine herself, and paid him his full wages for three half-days' work, as we have before mentioned!

She instantly made an affidavit to that effect, and sent it to the judge. Her words were confirmed by Paul's fellow workmen and the doctor who had attended him.

The case was again brought before the court, with the result that Paul was honorably acquitted, although no compensation was awarded him for his many months of suffering and imprisonment.

But his trials were not yet over. His great ambition had been to become a master mason, and to set up in business for himself. With that purpose in view, he worked early and late, till at last he had gathered together a very respectable sum, and saw his dream on the point of being realized.

But again he was destined to suffer from the jealousy of the wicked. In the same house and on the same floor with himself was a family who had always envied his prosperity. They asked him to join them in some sort of speculation, which he refused. Determined to be revenged, and watching their opportunity, they stole into his apartments one day while he was away at work, and while his wife had gone to nurse a sick daughter. The children were all away, so the coast was clear. Like most Italians, Paul had the habit of keeping all his savings in a box in his

house, which he carefully concealed in his wife's wardrobe.

Suspecting this, his neighbors broke open the wardrobe, and took not only the precious box, but all the gold ornaments which Roman women wear on feast days, and which are kept as heirlooms. They also stole all the linen and other valuables, and then decamped, taking the first train to the seashore, where they embarked, and were heard of no more!

When poor Paul came back from his work, and his wife from her sick child, they found the house rifled, and everything of value gone! What added to their misery was that it was (as their neighbors well knew) the eve of the day on which the rent was due.

That evening, almost in despair at the ruin which had so unexpectedly fallen upon them, they sat down to their scanty supper, which consisted only of the remains of their midday meal; for they had no means to buy any more. Just then a poor beggar woman, to whom they had been in the habit of giving some food two or three times a week, entered the dreary home. Paul's wife told her what had happened, and how grieved she was that there was nothing for her as usual. But Paul heard her, and, fumbling in his pocket, found one penny, which was all he had in the world, and gave it to her, saying that he never would turn any one empty away.

The same nun hearing of the terrible misfortune which had fallen upon Paul instantly obtained, through a rich relative of her own, the sum necessary for the rent. In that respect, the malice of his enemies was defeated, and he was not turned homeless into the street as the landlord had threatened.

Although the police did their best, no trace of the thieves could be discovered, and it was even supposed that the boat which contained both them and their stolen treasure had capsized.

Everything had now to be begun again, and more than ever poor Paul's faith, courage, and perseverance were put to the test. His sister soon heard of his trouble, and implored him to leave Rome, where he had suffered so much, and come to her. He did so; and, by her influence, he got a good position at one of the Sicilian lines of railway.

Very soon his value was discovered by his employers, who promoted him from one post to another, till he became superintendent of all the buildings to be erected on the lines.

So he prospered more and more. His children all turned out admirably, and are now happily married. Paul often writes happy and grateful letters to his old and faithful friend, the nun. And now he is reaping the reward of his faith, patience, and trust in God.

LADY HERBERT OF LEA.

## AIDS TO STUDY

During the nineteenth century, few writers have labored so untiringly and so unselfishly in the cause of Catholic literature as the late Lady Herbert of Lea, the author of the foregoing story. This noble and zealous woman was born in 1822; was educated in the best convent schools of England and France; and was received into the Church in 1866. During her useful lifetime, she wrote many charming stories which breathe a spirit of piety and uprightness. She was deeply interested in the young. Her heart went out to little children. She liked to talk and play with them. She was wont to tell them about our dear Lord, His Blessed Mother, and the saints. When a few years ago she was called to her reward at a ripe old age, rich and poor, young and old, combined to sing her praises.

**accusation** (ăk' ŭ ză'shŭn), a charge with a crime or a lighter offense.

**acquit** (ă kwĭt'), to free, release.

**affidavit** (ăf'ĭ dă'vĭt), a sworn statement in writing.

**compensation** (kŏm'pĕn să'shŭn), satisfaction, reward.

**counterfeit** (koun'tĕr fĭt), false, forged.

**exemplary** (ĕg'zĕm plă rĭ), worthy of imitation.

**galleys** (găl'ĭz), large, low, one-decked vessels.

**heirloom** (ăr'lŏŏm'), a piece of personal property handed down for several generations.

**Salerno** (Să lĕr'nŏ), a province of Italy.

**Sicilian** (Sĭ sl'ĭ ăn), pertaining to Sicily.

**speculation** (spĕk'ŭ lă'shŭn), engaging in risky business for the chance of large profits.

I. 1. What is the chief lesson which the author wishes to convey to the reader? 2. Tell about the character of Paul. 3. What striking characteristics did he possess? 4. Mention two occasions in which he showed his great confidence in God. 5. How did the counterfeiter revenge himself upon Paul?

II. 1. How did the governor of the prison regard Paul? 2. Why did he move him from ward to ward? 3. What happened to Paul's family while he was in prison? 4. Why was he convicted? 5. How did the nun prove his innocence? 6. What was the second great trial sent to Paul? 7. Who came to his assistance? 8. How was his trust in God rewarded? 9. Form adjectives from the following nouns: addition, speculation, patience, value, ruin, habit, respect, courage, trouble, influence, effect, prosperity, ornament, consequence, admiration, child.

Expressions for study :

conscientious performance	reaping the reward
deeply-rooted conviction	to facilitate the works
dissembled his anger	to move heaven and earth
in breathless accents	to watch the progress
misfortunes never come single	unhesitating trust

1. Write a short composition, giving a pen-picture either of the exemplary character of Paul, the business ability of the nun, or the mean, contemptible spirit of the counterfeiter. 2. What pictures would you draw to illustrate this story? 3. Give a detailed description of each.

---

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

## REVEREND JOHN BANNISTER TABB

The Rev. John Bannister Tabb (1845-1909), one of America's great lyric poets, was born in Virginia. As a young man, he took part in the Civil War. Being captured by the Union Army, he was confined in Point Lookout, Md., for seven months. Shortly after his release, he turned his attention to the subject of religion. The outcome was that he was received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Gibbons, and began to study for the priesthood.

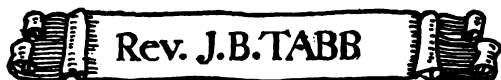
After his ordination, he went to St. Charles' College, Md., as professor of English literature. In this beautiful spot surrounded by woods and dales, he began his literary career. The verdure of spring, the flowering of summer, the fruitage of autumn, the sleep of winter, appealed strongly to his poetic mind. He loved to roam in forest and moorland so as to reflect on the wonderful works of the Creator.

It is to be regretted that Father Tabb was so recluse in his habits. Few knew him as a friend; but these few never tire of sounding the praises of his charming personality. Though he appeared to the casual on-looker stern and reserved, he was in reality light-hearted and witty.

Though Father Tabb's fame as a great lyric poet is recognized to-day, we seldom hear of his labors as a priest of God. His warm fatherly heart went out to all those intrusted to his care, and he led them along the paths of religious and intellectual progress.



*W. C. Rogers*



## THE CLOUD

Far on the brink of day

Thou standest as the herald of the dawn,  
Where fades the night's last flickering spark away  
Ere the first dewdrop's gone.

Above the eternal snows

By winter scattered on the mountain height  
To shroud the centuries, thy visage glows  
With a prophetic light.

Calm is thine awful brow ;

As when thy presence shrined Divinity  
Between the flaming Cherubim, so now  
Its shadow clings to thee.

Yet as an Angel mild

Thou, in the torrid noon, with sheltering wing  
Dost o'er the earth, as to a weary child,  
A balm celestial bring.

And when the evening dies,

Still to thy fringed vesture cleaves the light —  
The last sad glimmer of her tearful eyes  
On the dark verge of night.

So, soon thy glories wane !

Thou too must mourn the rose of morning shed :



Cold creeps the fatal shadow o'er thy train,  
And settles on thy head.

And while the wistful eye

Yearns for the charm that wooed its ravished gaze,  
The sympathy of Nature wakes a sigh,  
And thus its thought betrays :

"Thou, like the Cloud, my soul,  
Dost in thyself of beauty naught possess ;  
Devoid the light of heaven, a vapor foul,  
The veil of nothingness !"

REV. JOHN BANNISTER TABB.

### AIDS TO STUDY

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>casual</b> (kāzh'ū āl), thoughtless, coming by chance.       | <b>ravish</b> (rāv'ish), to enrapture, delight.                         |
| <b>Cherubim</b> (Chēr'ū bīm), one of the choirs of angels.      | <b>recluse</b> (rē klōōs'), a person who goes very little into society. |
| <b>devoid</b> (dē void'), lacking, destitute.                   | <b>vesture</b> (vēs'tūr), robe, garment.                                |
| <b>lyric</b> (lir'ik), poetry expressive of the poet's feeling. | <b>visage</b> (vīz'āj), face, countenance.                              |
| <b>personality</b> (pūr'sūn āl'ī tī), traits of character.      | <b>yearn</b> (yūr'n), to be filled with longing desire.                 |

1. Give a brief account of Father Tabb's life.
2. Name a few of the chief characteristics of his career.
3. Why did the boys at St. Charles's College admire and love him?
4. What does the first stanza of *The Cloud* tell?
5. Where is the Cloud to be seen?
6. How does the poet describe its appearance?
7. What does the Cloud do in the evening?
8. To what does the poet

compare the Cloud in the last stanza? 9. Read *The Cloud*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Expressions for study :

brink of day	the evening dies
dark verge of night	the rose of morning
herald of the dawn	thy fringed vesture
night's last flickering spark	to shroud the centuries
o'er thy train	torrid noon
the eternal snows	wakes a sigh

It will help us to understand this and many other poems that teach lessons if we keep in mind the poet's experience from the time the thought of the poem comes to him until it is in complete form. We shall understand this experience better if we try to answer the following questions :

1. What does the poet see that brings the thought of the poem into his mind? Is it a beautiful thought? Where do we find it expressed in this poem?

2. How does the thought affect the poet? Does it inspire him? Are there any evidences in the poem that indicate inspiration? Is this a beautiful inspiration? Is it religious?

3. Does the thought give the poet a message for other people? How would the opportunity of sending a message to other people affect him?

4. In what form does the poet decide to send the message? In prose or poetry? How many stanzas? How many verses in each stanza? What verses are there that are exceptionally beautiful in thought? In sound?

5. Can thought, beauty, feeling, and imagination be found in the poem? Did the poet's experience cover all these elements before he wrote the poem?

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A little more than three hundred and fifty years ago in the picturesque village of Stratford-on-Avon, which is about one hundred and twenty miles from the great city of London, the prince of English poets and dramatists, William Shakespeare, was born. In that charming district of England, the boy Shakespeare and his father used to roam through the shady forests and the green pastures to become acquainted with the many beauties of nature found in that fairy-like spot.

At this particular time it was rather difficult to get an education; because there were no National Schools such as they have in England to-day, and there was no law compelling boys and girls to attend school for any stated period. Shakespeare, however, went to a private academy where he seems to have been well taught and to have profited by everything he saw and heard.

When Shakespeare grew to be a young man, he naturally looked for congenial employment. Not being able to find work in the quiet village of Stratford-on-Avon, he decided to try his fortune in the busy city of London. There he was employed by the manager of a theater. At first his work was rather menial; but, after a time, he was allowed to take part in the plays. Then it was that he began to write some of the thirty-six dramas which have made his name famous.

All educated persons nowadays are familiar with the works of Shakespeare. They have been translated into almost every language; they are found in every library worthy of the name; and his dramas are still being played by noted actors in the theaters of our land.



SHAKESPEARE

## HUBERT AND ARTHUR

King John of England reigned from 1199 to 1216. He was an unscrupulous ruler who fought with the people, with the barons, and even with Pope Innocent III. He became so obstinate and self-willed that the Holy Father was compelled to excommunicate and to depose him. This brought him to his senses. Then it was that the barons rose against King John and his arbitrary government, and, sustained by the new Archbishop, Stephen Langton, wrested from him the great Charter of Liberty in 1215 (Magna Charta), the most important document in English history.

There are few passages in the plays of Shakespeare more interesting to children than the touching scene between Hubert and Arthur, taken from the fourth act of *King John*. Arthur is a mere boy endowed with the charming virtues of youth. Being of royal blood, he is a thorn in the side of King John. To remove this aspirant to the throne, the chamberlain of the king, Hubert, is commanded to burn out the eyes of Arthur with a hot poker. Though he tries several times to perform this outrageous act, the gentle pleadings of Arthur cannot help touching his stony heart. As a consequence, the foul deed does not take place.

*Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.*

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot; and look  
thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1 ATTENDANT. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to 't. —

*(Exeunt attendants.)*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince — having so great a title  
To be more prince — as may be. — You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me,  
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practices more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him.  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, it's not; and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. *(Aside.)* If I talk to him, with his innocent  
prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you :  
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. (*Aside.*) His words do take possession of  
my bosom. —

Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*)

(*Aside.*) How now, foolish rheum,  
Turning spiteous torture out of door !  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —  
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head  
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows, —  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me, —  
And I did never ask it you again ;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your  
grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,  
But you at your sick-service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning: do, and if you will.  
If heaven be pleased that you will use me ill,  
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it,  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust  
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?  
And if an angel should have come to me  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed him; no tongue but Hubert's.

HUB. Come forth. (Stamps.)



*Re-enter attendants, with cords, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?  
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, let me not be bound.

Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

1 ATTEN. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

*(Exeunt attendants.)*

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart. —

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven, — that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !  
 Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues,  
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :  
 Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert :  
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
 So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes ;  
 Though to no use, but still to look on you.  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with  
 grief,  
 Being create for comfort, to be used  
 In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;  
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
 And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush  
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :  
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;  
 And like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong,  
 Deny their office: only you do lack  
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live, I will not touch thine  
 eyes  
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;  
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. Oh! now you look like Hubert: all this  
 while  
 You were disguised.

HUB. Peace! no more. Adieu.  
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure  
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
 Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;  
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King John.*

## AIDS TO STUDY

**arras** (ār'ās), a screen.

**aspirant** (ās pīr'ānt), one who  
 seeks a position.

**Christendom** (Krī's'n dūm), Chris-  
 tian faith, the whole body of  
 Christians.

**congenial** (kǒn jĕn'yǎl), suitable, agreeable, pleasing.

**dispiteous** (dĭs pĭt'ĕ ũs), cruel, pitiless.

**Geffrey** (Jĕf'rĭ).

**Hubert** (Hū'bĕrt).

**Magna Charta** (Mǎg'nǎ Kǎr'tǎ).

**mote** (mōt), a small particle, a speck.

**outrageous** (out rǎ'jŭs), violent, atrocious, excessive.

**rheum** (rĕom), a cold, catarrh.

**scruple** (skrōō'p'l), doubt or hesitation from motives of conscience.

**Shakespeare** (Shāk'spĕr).

**Stratford on Avon** (Strāt'fĕrd ōn Ā'vŏn).

**tarre** (tār), to irritate, to provoke.

**tragedies** (trǎj'ĕ dĭz), dramas of a pathetic or tragic character.

**troth** (trōth), faith, truth.

**wantonness** (wŏn'tŭn nĕs), recklessness.

1. Why did King John desire to get rid of the boy Arthur?
2. How did Hubert propose to do the deed?
3. Whom did Hubert have to help him?
4. Give a brief account of Arthur's first conversation with Hubert.
5. What effect did it have on Hubert?
6. Give the substance of Arthur's appeal to Hubert, beginning with the line "Have you the heart," and ending with "I would not have believed him."
7. Why did Arthur ask that the attendants should leave his presence?
8. What further favor did Arthur ask?
9. Repeat Hubert's last speech.

Expressions for study :

as sad as night

be heedful

by my troth

dogged spies

have you the heart

look to 't

stand stone-still

still and anon

the fire is dead with grief

the iron would drink my tears

1. Read the account of this play in *Tales from the Plays of Shakespeare* by Charles Lamb.
2. Write a brief account of the feelings which Arthur must have experienced during the foregoing scene.

## THOMAS MOORE

Thomas Moore (1799–1852), a celebrated Irish poet, was born in Dublin. At the age of fourteen he sent two specimens of his poetry to a literary magazine with this request: "If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your magazine, by inserting them, you will oblige a constant reader, TH-M-S M--RE." Encouraged by the publication of these poems, Moore paid more attention to literature than to the business of his father.

A year or two later, the youthful poet entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he pursued his studies with unusual success. After graduating from college, he went to London with a view of becoming a lawyer. But his great love of poetry again took possession of him with the result that the study of law was given up.

In 1800, he published the *Odes of Anacreon*, and the next year he published a volume of poems under an assumed name; doubtless he felt ashamed of some of them.

Moore sailed to Bermuda in 1803 to fill a government position. Returning to England a year or two later, he passed through the United States and Canada; and he tells us in a letter written to his mother that he preferred the city of Philadelphia to every other place visited by him during his tour.

Some months after reaching London he published his *Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems*. These were severely criticized, and justly so, by the *Edinburgh Review*. This criticism so nettled Moore, that he challenged the editor of that magazine to fight a duel.

Of all Moore's poetical works, his *Irish Melodies* remain the most popular. They will live as long as Ireland exists.



MOORE



## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

This sacred song based upon the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus ("So Mary, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances") recalls to mind the marvelous escape of the Jews from the land of Egypt.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd — His people are free,

Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —  
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but  
spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;

Jehovah has triumph'd — His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!

His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword. —

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?

For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;

Jehovah has triumph'd — His people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

## AIDS TO STUDY

<b>Aaron</b> (Ä'r'ün), brother of Moses, the first high priest.	<b>Exodus</b> (Ĕk'sō dūs), one of the Books of the Bible.
<b>Anacreon</b> (Ä näk'rē ōn), a Greek lyric poet.	<b>Jehovah</b> (Jē hōv'ā), another name for God.
<b>chariot</b> (chär'ī ōt), a two-wheeled car used in war or racing.	<b>nettle</b> (nēt't'l), to irritate, pain. <b>timbrel</b> (tīm'brēl), a small drum.

1. Why were the Israelites rejoicing? 2. Locate and name Egypt's dark sea. 3. Who is Jehovah? 4. How have His people triumphed? 5. Who is the tyrant mentioned in the third line? 6. How were his chariots and horsemen destroyed? 7. What is the meaning of the first two lines of the second stanza? 8. Why was it necessary to send some one to tell the Egyptians what had happened? 9. Do you know any other poems written by Moore?

1. What is the main thought of the poem? 2. Where do you find it expressed? How many times? 3. Can this poem be called a song of praise? 4. What opinion of the character of the Jewish people does the poet give us? 5. Write a description of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, or the destruction of the Egyptian army. 6. Point out the figurative expressions in this poem.

---

Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life,  
Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence  
Science his view enlarges, Art refines,  
And swelling Commerce opens all his ports.

JAMES THOMSON.



## THE PROPHET ELIAS<sup>1</sup>

Among the valiant heroes of the Old Testament, there is none more remarkable than the great prophet Elias. The story of his marvelous deeds, as recorded in the Third and the Fourth Book of Kings, cannot fail to interest us. His humble life, his undaunted courage, his burning zeal, his brilliant triumphs, were so extraordinary that we are led to admire this great prophet.

At the time of Elias, Achab was King of Israel. Like many of his predecessors and successors, he left the religion of his forefathers for the pagan worship of Jezabel, his wife.

When Elias heard what the king had done, he went to him and denounced him for his apostasy. He told him that the vengeance of God would overtake him. Then to prove to the world that he was the servant of Jehovah, he performed a series of the most wonderful acts.

Elias said to Achab: "As the Lord liveth, in Whose sight I stand, there shall be neither dew nor rain these years, but according to the words of my mouth."

The word of the Lord came to him, saying: "Get thee hence, go towards the east, and hide thyself by the torrent of Carith, which is over against the Jordan. There thou shalt drink of the torrent: and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there."

So Elias went, and did according to the word of the Lord; and the ravens brought him bread and flesh

<sup>1</sup> Elias is sometimes spelled Elijah.

in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the torrent.

But after some time, the torrent was dried up, for it had not rained upon the earth.

Then the word of the Lord came to him, saying: "Arise, and go to Sarephta, and dwell there: for I have commanded a widow there to feed thee."

Elias arose and went to Sarephta. When he was come to the gate of the city, he saw the widow gathering sticks, and he called her, and said: "Give me a little water in a vessel, that I may drink."

When she was going to fetch it, he called her, saying: "Bring me also, I beseech thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand."

She answered: "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have no bread, but a mere handful of meal in a pot, and a little oil in a cruse: behold I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it, for myself and my son, that we may eat it, and die."

Elias said to her: "Fear not, but go, and do as thou hast said: but first make for me of the same meal a little hearth-cake, and bring it to me: and after, make some for thyself and thy son. For thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel: 'The pot of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil be diminished, until the day wherein the Lord will give rain upon the face of the earth.'"

She went and did according to the word of Elias: and he ate, and she, and her house: and from that day the pot of meal wasted not, and the cruse of oil was not diminished, according to the word of the Lord, which He spoke to Elias.

And it came to pass, after this, that the son of the woman fell sick, and the sickness was very grievous, so that there was no breath left in him.

The mother said to Elias: "What have I to do with thee, thou man of God? Art thou come to me that my iniquities should be remembered, and that thou shouldst kill my son?"

Elias said to her: "Give me thy son."

He carried him into the upper chamber where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed. And he cried to the Lord: "O Lord, my God, hast Thou afflicted also the widow, by whom I am maintained?"

Then he stretched, and measured himself upon the child three times, and cried to the Lord: "O Lord, my God, let the soul of this child, I beseech Thee, return into his body."

The Lord heard the voice of Elias: and the soul of the child returned into him, and he revived.

Elias took the child, and brought him down from the upper chamber to the house below, and delivered him to his mother, and said to her: "Behold, thy son liveth."

The woman said to Elias: "Now, by this I know that thou art a man of God, and the word of the Lord in thy mouth is true."

Again after many days the word of the Lord came to Elias, saying: "Go and show thyself to Achab, that I may give rain upon the face of the earth."

Elias went to show himself to Achab, and there was a grievous famine in Samaria.

Achab called Abdias, the governor of his house, and said to him: "Go into the land unto all fountains of waters, and into all valleys, to see if we can find grass, and save the horses and the mules, that the beasts may not utterly perish."

They divided the countries between them, that they might go round about them: Achab went one way, and Abdias another way.

As Abdias was on his way, Elias met him. The governor knew him, and said: "Art thou my lord Elias?"

He answered: "I am. Go, and tell thy master, 'Elias is here!'"

Abdias went to meet Achab, and told him.

When Achab had seen Elias, he said: "Art thou he that troublest Israel?"

The prophet answered: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, who have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and have followed

Baalim. Nevertheless send now, and gather unto me all Israel, unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, who sat at Jezabel's table."

Achab sent to all the children of Israel, and gathered together the prophets unto Mount Carmel.

Elias said to all the people: "How long do you halt between two sides? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him."

The people did not answer him a word.

Elias continued: "I am the only prophet of the Lord: but the prophets of Baal are four hundred and fifty men. Let two bullocks be given us, and let them choose one bullock for themselves, cut it in pieces, and lay it upon wood, but put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock, lay it on wood, and put no fire under it. Call ye on the names of your gods, and I will call on the name of my Lord: and the God that shall answer by fire, let him be God."

All the people answering said: "A very good proposal."

Then Elias said to the prophets of Baal: "Choose you one bullock and dress it first, because you are many: and call on the names of your gods, but put no fire under."

They took the bullock which he gave them, and dressed it: and they called on the name of Baal from

morning even till noon, saying: "O Baal, hear us." But there was no answer: and they leaped over the altar that they had made.

When it was noon, Elias jested at them, saying: "Cry with a louder voice: for he is a god, and perhaps he is talking, or is in an inn, or on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep, and must be awaked."

So they cried with a loud voice, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till they were all covered with blood.

After midday was past, and while they were prophesying, the time was come for offering sacrifice, and there was no answer.

Elias said to all the people: "Come ye unto me."

When the people had come near unto him, he repaired the altar of the Lord, that was broken down; he took twelve stones according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, to whom the word of the Lord came, saying: "Israel shall be thy name." He built with the stones an altar to the name of the Lord: and he made a trench for water, of the breadth of two furrows round about the altar; he laid the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it upon the wood.

Then he said: "Fill four buckets with water, and pour it upon the burnt offering, and upon the wood."

Again he said: "Do the same a second time."

When they had done it the second time, he said :  
"Do the same the third time."

They did so the third time.

When it was time to offer the holocaust, Elias, the prophet, came near and said : "O Lord, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, show this day that Thou art the God of Israel, and I am Thy servant, and that according to Thy commandment I have done all these things. Hear me, O Lord, hear me : that this people may learn, that Thou art the Lord God."

Then the fire of the Lord fell, consumed the holocaust, the wood, the stones, the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

When all the people saw this, they fell on their faces, and said : "The Lord, He is God, the Lord, He is God."

Elias said to them : "Take the prophets of Baal, and let not one of them escape."

When they had taken them, Elias brought them down to the torrent Cison, and killed them there.

Then he said to Achab : "Go up, eat, and drink : for there is a sound of abundance of rain."

Achab went up to eat and drink : and Elias went up to the top of Carmel, and casting himself down upon the earth put his face between his knees. And he said to his servant : "Go up, and look towards the sea."

The servant went up, looked, and said: "There is nothing."

Elias said to him: "Return seven times."

At the seventh time, behold, a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot. And the prophet said: "Go up and say to Achab: 'Prepare thy chariot and go down, lest the rain prevent thee.'"

While he turned himself this way and that way, behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain. And Achab getting up went away to Jezrahel.

Achab then told Jezabel all that Elias had done, and how he had slain all the prophets with the sword.

Jezabel sent a messenger to Elias, saying: "Such and such things may the gods do to me, and add still more, if by this hour to-morrow I make not thy life as the life of one of them."

Then Elias was afraid, and rising up he came to Bersabee of Juda, and left his servant there. And he went forward one day's journey into the desert. When he was there, and sat under a juniper tree, he requested for his soul that he might die, and said: "It is enough for me, Lord, take away my soul: for I am no better than my fathers."

And he cast himself down, and slept in the shadow of the juniper tree: and behold an angel of the Lord touched him, and said to him: "Arise and eat."



He looked, and behold there was at his head a hearth-cake, and a vessel of water: he ate, drank, and he fell asleep again.

The angel of the Lord came the second time, touched him, and said: "Arise, eat: for thou hast yet a great way to go."

Elias arose, ate, drank, and walked in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, unto the Mount of God, Horeb.

And when he was come to that place, he abode in a cave: and behold the word of the Lord came unto him, and He said unto him: "What dost thou here, Elias?"

He answered: "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant: they have thrown down Thy altars, they have slain Thy prophets with the sword, and I alone am left, and they seek my life to take it away."

The angel said to him: "Go forth, and stand upon the Mount before the Lord, and behold the Lord passeth."

When Elias heard this, he covered his face with his mantle, and coming forth stood at the entrance of the cave, and behold a voice said unto him: "What dost thou here, Elias?"

He answered: "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts: because the children of Israel

have forsaken Thy covenant: they have destroyed Thy altars, they have slain Thy prophets with the sword, and I alone am left, and they seek my life to take it away."

The Lord said to him: "Go, and return through the desert to Damascus: and when thou art come to that place, thou shalt anoint Hazael to be king over Syria; thou shalt anoint Jehu to be king over Israel; and Eliseus, thou shalt anoint to be prophet in thy place. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall escape the sword of Hazael, shall be slain by Jehu: and whosoever shall escape the sword of Jehu, shall be slain by Eliseus."

Elias, departing thence, found Eliseus plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. When Elias came up to him, he cast his mantle upon him.

Eliseus forthwith left the oxen, ran after Elias, and said: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and mother, and then I will follow thee."

Elias said to him: "Go back: for that which was my part, I have done to thee."

A short time after this incident, Eliseus left everything and followed Elias. And it came to pass, that as the two prophets were walking and talking together, behold a fiery chariot and fiery horses parted them both asunder, and Elias went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

## AIDS TO STUDY

<b>Abdias</b> (Āb dr'ās).	<b>cruse</b> (krōos), a jar, a pot.
<b>Achab</b> (Ā'kāb).	<b>Elias</b> (Ē lī'ās).
<b>apostasy</b> (ā pōs'tā sī), desertion of one's faith.	<b>Eliseus</b> (Ēl'ī sē'ūs).
<b>Baal</b> (Bā'āl), a false god.	<b>Hazael</b> (Hāz'ā ēl).
<b>Baalim</b> (Bā'ā līm), a Hebrew prophet who deserted God for the money of a pagan king.	<b>iniquities</b> (īn īk'wī tīz), atrocities, sins.
<b>Bersabee</b> (Bēr sā'bē ē).	<b>Jehu</b> (Jē'hū).
<b>covenant</b> (kūv'ē nānt), an agreement.	<b>Jezabel</b> (Jēz'ā bēl).
	<b>lancet</b> (lān'sēt), a small lance.
	<b>Sarephta</b> (Sā rēp'tā).

1. Why did Elias denounce Achab? 2. How did he make the king feel the weight of his words? 3. Who was Jezabel? 4. When Elias was hungry, who fed him? 5. Tell about his experience at Sarephta. 6. How did he show his kindness and gratitude to the widow? 7. Give an account of the meeting of Elias and Abdias. 8. What did the prophet say to Achab? 9. How did he show the superiority of the God of Israel over the heathen gods? 10. What prayer did he say before he performed the miracle? 11. What did Jezabel say that she would do to him? 12. How did Elias escape from her? 13. What advice did the angel give him? 14. What did the Lord tell him to do? 15. How was Elias taken up to heaven? 16. In some sentences in this lesson, the quotations are preceded by a comma; in others by a colon. Can you give the reason for this? 17. Form nouns from the following verbs: feed, drank, died, remembered, afflicted.

1. Write a short story telling of the experiences of the prophet Elias related in the foregoing lesson. 2. Point out the Biblical expressions in this selection, give their meaning, and use them correctly in new sentences.

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), the distinguished poet and prose writer, was born at Cummington, Mass., — a small country town on the Westfield River. His early education was received at New Brookfield and Plainfield, Mass. Besides being a most diligent pupil at school, he spent much of his free time roaming among the forests, along the banks of the river, climbing the rocky hills, becoming acquainted with the wild flowers, and listening to the sweet notes of the song birds.

At the age of nine Bryant began to write verses ; and at thirteen he wrote and published *The Embargo*, — a satire on President Jefferson's embargo on American shipping. Five years later he wrote his masterpiece, *Thanatopsis*. After practicing law for about ten years, he gave up that profession to devote all his time to journalism and literature.

In 1825, he removed to New York and in conjunction with another gentleman established *The New York Review* and *Athenæum Magazine*, in which appeared some of his best poems. The next year, he became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, — a position which he held till his death.

His literary work comprises a volume of lyric poems, translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and a number of letters, addresses, editorials, and reviews.

Bryant was essentially a poet of nature. "It is indeed in the beautiful that his genius finds its prime delight. Others before him," said the *North American Review*, "have sung the beauties of Creation, and the greatness of God ; but no one ever observed external things more closely, or transferred his impressions to paper in more vivid colors."



**BRYANT**

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

Those of us who are fortunate enough to have a little flower garden must sometimes have watched the tiny buds in the process of opening into beautiful flowers; must have admired the beauty of form and color of that once green-covered bud; and, in the course of time, must have seen these things of beauty fade and decay. But as we have watched this wonderful transformation, have our thoughts taken flight to the great God Who made the pretty flowers? Do we see in these wonders of nature the hand of the Almighty?

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the  
year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown  
and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves  
lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's  
tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs  
the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the  
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers that  
lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
hood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of  
flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good  
of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold Novem-  
ber rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones  
again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the sum-  
mer glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn  
beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the  
plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,  
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such  
days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter  
home;  
When the sound of the dropping nuts is heard, though  
all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance  
late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream  
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my  
side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast  
the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so  
brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend  
of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### AIDS TO STUDY

**Athenæum** (Ăth'ĕ nē'ŭm).

**beauteous** (bū'tĕ ŭs), full of  
beauty.

**gust**, a sudden violent wind.

**Iliad** (Ī'lĭ ād), a celebrated Greek  
epic poem by Homer.

**Odyssey** (Ōd'ĭ sĭ), an epic poem  
by Homer.

**orchid** (ôr'kĭd), a plant.

**satire** (săt'ĭr), a composition hold-  
ing up abuses, errors, or folly  
to ridicule.

**Thanatopsis** (Thăn'ă tŏp'sĭs).

**transformation** (trăns'fŏr mă'-  
shŭn), change of form or con-  
dition.

1. To what season does the author refer in the opening lines  
of this poem? 2. Why does he call them "melancholy days"?



3. How does he describe the season? 4. What word in the second stanza proves that he means autumn? 5. What has the poet to say about the fair young flowers? 6. What flowers are mentioned in the third stanza? 7. How many of them do you know? 8. What season is referred to in the next stanza? 9. How do you know? 10. Give the thought of the last stanza. 11. Select the most beautiful lines in this poem. 12. Form verbs from the following nouns: flowers, death, waters, beauty, life, flight.

Expressions for study :

a beauteous sisterhood  
forest cast the leaf  
in autumn beauty stood  
melancholy days  
naked woods

south wind searches  
summer glow  
the smoky light  
the trees are still  
wailing winds

1. Can you write a brief statement on autumn embodying the poet's thoughts? 2. How did these thoughts affect the poet? 3. What is the principal emotion throughout the poem? 4. What beautiful pictures do you find in the poem? 5. What lines read with particularly free and beautiful sound? 6. Have you read *Flowers* by Henry W. Longfellow, and the *Chorus of Flowers* by Leigh Hunt?

TRUE RICHES

Riches that the world bestows,  
She can take and I can lose :  
But the treasures that are mine  
Lie afar beyond her line.

ISAAC WATTS.

## THE YOUTH OF LINCOLN

It is always a source of pleasure and inspiration to read the truly remarkable life of Abraham Lincoln. His wonderful industry, his determined efforts to get an education, his sterling honesty, his kindness and his mercy, his deep religious turn of mind, his noble and courageous conduct under the most trying circumstances, his undying love of country, — these characteristics show him to be one of the greatest heroes our country has produced.

He was long ; he was strong ; he was wiry. He was never sick, was always good-natured, never a bully, always a friend of the weak, the small, and the unprotected. He must have been a funny-looking boy. His skin was sallow, and his hair was black. He wore a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, a coonskin cap, and heavy "clumps" of shoes. He grew so fast that his breeches never came down to the tops of his shoes, and, instead of stockings, you could always see "twelve inches of shinbones," sharp, blue, and narrow. He laughed much, was always ready to give and take jokes and hard knocks, had a squeaky, changing voice, a small head, big ears — and was always what Thackeray called "a gentle-man." Such was Abraham Lincoln at fifteen.

He was never cruel, mean, or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because

he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins" — that is, catching turtles and putting hot coals on their backs just to make them move along lively. He had to work hard at home; for his father would not, and things needed to be attended to if "the place" was to be kept from dropping to pieces.

He became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper he could get hold of, and if he came across anything in his reading that he wished to remember he would copy it on a shingle, because writing paper was scarce, and either learn it by heart or hide the shingle away until he could get some paper to copy it on. His father thought he read too much. "It will spile him for work," he said. "He don't do half enough about the place, as it is, now, and books and papers ain't no good." But Abraham, with all his reading, did more work than his father any day; his stepmother, too, took his side and at last got her husband to let the boy read and study at home. "Abe was a good son to me," she said, many, many years after, "and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him. We would just let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord."

The boy kept a sort of shingle scrapbook; he kept a paper scrapbook, too. Into these he would put whatever he cared to keep — poetry, history, funny sayings, fine passages. He had a scrapbook for his

arithmetic "sums," too, and one of these is still in existence with this boyish rhyme in a boyish scrawl, underneath one of his tables of weights and measures:

Abraham Lincoln  
his hand and pen  
he will be good but  
God knows when.

God did know when; and that boy, all unconsciously, was working toward the day when his hand and pen were to do more for humanity than any other hand or pen of modern times.

Lamps and candles were almost unknown in his home, and Abraham, flat on his stomach, would often do his reading, writing, and ciphering in the firelight, as it flashed and flickered on the big hearth of his log-cabin home. An older cousin, John Hanks, who lived for a while with the Lincolns, says that when "Abe," as he always called the great President, would come home, as a boy, from his work, he would go to the cupboard, take a piece of corn bread for his supper, sit down on a chair, stretch out his long legs until they were higher than his head — and read, and read, and read. "Abe and I," said John Hanks, "worked barefoot; grubbed it, plowed it, mowed and cradled it; plowed corn, gathered corn, and shucked corn, and Abe read constantly whenever he could get a chance."

One day Abraham found that a man for whom he sometimes worked owned a copy of Weems's *Life of Washington*. This was a famous book in its day. Abraham borrowed it at once. When he was not reading it, he put it away on a shelf — a clapboard resting on wooden pins. There was a big crack between the logs, behind the shelf, and one rainy day the *Life of Washington* fell into the crack and was soaked almost into pulp. Old Mr. Crawford, from whom Abraham borrowed the book, was a cross, cranky, and sour old fellow, and when the boy told him of the accident he said Abraham must "work the book out."

The boy agreed, and the old farmer kept him so strictly to his promise that he made him "pull fodder" for the cattle three days, as payment for the book! And that is the way that Abraham Lincoln bought his first book. For he dried the copy of Weems's *Life of Washington* and put it in his "Library." But what boy or girl of to-day would like to buy books at such a price?

This was the boy-life of Abraham Lincoln. It was a life of poverty, privation, hard work, little play, and less money. The boy did not love work. But he worked. His father was rough and often harsh and hard to him, and what Abraham learned was by making the most of his spare time. He was inquisitive, active, and hardy, and, in his comfortless boyhood, he was learning lessons

of self-denial, independence, pluck, shrewdness, kindness, and persistence.

In the spring of 1830, there was another "moving time" for the Lincolns. The corn and the cattle, the farm and its hogs, were all sold at public "vandoo," or auction, at low figures; and with all their household goods on a big "ironed" wagon drawn by four oxen, the three related families of Hanks, Hall, and Lincoln, thirteen in all, pushed on through the mud and across rivers, high from the spring freshets, out of Indiana, into Illinois.

Abraham held the "gad" and guided the oxen. He carried with him, also, a little stock of pins, needles, thread, and buttons. These he peddled along the way; and, at last, after fifteen days of slow travel, the emigrants came to the spot picked out for a home. This time it was on a small bluff on the north fork of the Sangamon River, ten miles west of the town of Decatur. The usual log house was built; the boys, with the oxen, "broke up," or cleared, fifteen acres of land, and split enough rails to fence it in. Abraham could swing his broad ax better than any man or boy in the West; at one stroke he could bury the ax blade to the haft, in a log, and he was already famous as an expert rail-splitter.

In the summer of 1830, Abraham left home and hired out on his own account, wherever he could get a job

in the new country into which he had come. In that region of big farms and no fences, these latter were needed, and Abraham Lincoln's stalwart arm and well-swung ax came well into play, cutting up logs for fences. He was what was called in that western country a "rail-splitter." Indeed, one of the first things he did when he struck out for himself was to split four hundred rails for every yard of "blue jeans" necessary to make him a pair of trousers. From which it will be seen that work was easier to get than clothes.

He soon became as much of a favorite in Illinois as he had been in Indiana. Other work came to him, and, in 1831, he "hired out" with a man named Offutt to help sail a flatboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Mr. Offutt had heard that "Abe Lincoln" was a good river-hand, strong, steady, honest, reliable, accustomed to boating, and that he had already made one trip down the river. So he engaged young Lincoln at what seemed to the young rail-splitter princely wages — fifty cents a day, and a third share in the sixty dollars which was to be divided among the three boatmen at the end of the trip.

They built the flatboat at a sawmill near a place called Sangamon town, "Abe" serving as cook of the camp while the boat was being built. Then, loading the craft with barrel-pork, hogs, and corn, they started on their voyage south. At a place called New Salem

the flatboat ran aground ; but Lincoln's ingenuity got it off. He rigged up a queer contrivance of his own invention and lifted the boat off and over the obstruction, while all New Salem stood on the bank, first to criticize and then to applaud.

Just what this invention was I cannot explain. But if you ever go into the patent office at Washington, ask to see Abraham Lincoln's patent for transporting river boats over snags and shoals. The wooden model is there ; for, so pleased was Lincoln with the success that he thought seriously of becoming an inventor, and his first design was the patent granted to him in 1849, the idea for which grew out of his successful floating of Offutt's flatboat over the river snags at New Salem nineteen years before.

Soon after he returned from his flatboat trip to New Orleans he had an opportunity to show that he could not and would not stand what is termed "foul play." The same Mr. Offutt who had hired Lincoln to be one of his flatboat "boys," gave him another opportunity for work. Offutt was what is called in the West a "hustler" ; he had lots of "great ideas" and plans for making money ; and, among his numerous enterprises, was one to open a country store and mill at New Salem — the very same village on the Sangamon where, by his "patent invention," Lincoln had lifted the flatboat off the snags.



Mr. Offutt had taken a great fancy to Lincoln, and offered him a place as clerk in the New Salem store. The young fellow jumped at the chance. It seemed to him quite an improvement on being a farm-hand, a flatboatman, or a rail-splitter. It was, indeed, a step upward; for it gave him better opportunities for self-instruction and more chances for getting ahead.

Offutt's store was a favorite "loafing place" for the New Salem boys and young men. Among these, were some of the roughest fellows in the settlement. They were known as the "Clary Grove Boys," and they were always ready for a fight, in which they would sometimes prove themselves to be bullies and tormentors. When, therefore, Offutt began to brag about his new clerk the Clary Grove Boys made fun at him; whereupon the storekeeper cried: "What's that? You can throw him? Well, I reckon not; Abe Lincoln can outrun, outwalk, outrassle, knock out, and throw down any man in Sangamon County." This was too much for the Clary Grove Boys. They took up Offutt's challenge and, against "Abe," set up, as their champion and "best man," one Jack Armstrong.

All this was done without Lincoln's knowledge. He had no desire to get into a row with any one — least of all with the bullies who made up the Clary Grove Boys.

"I won't do it," he said, when Offutt told him of the proposed wrestling match. "I never tussle and scuffle, and I will not. I don't like this wooling and pulling."

"Don't let them call you a coward, Abe," said Offutt.

Of course, you know what the end would be to such an affair. Nobody likes to be called a coward — especially when he knows he is not one. So, at last, Lincoln consented to "rassle" with Jack Armstrong. They met, with all the boys as spectators. They wrestled, and tugged, and clenched, but without result. Both young fellows were equally matched in strength. "It's no use, Jack," Lincoln at last declared; "let's quit. You can't throw me, and I can't throw you. That's enough."

With that, all Jack's backers began to cry "coward!" and urged on the champion to another tussle. Jack Armstrong was now determined to win, by fair means or foul. He tried the latter, and, contrary to all rules of wrestling, began to kick and trip, while his supporters stood ready to help, if need be, by breaking in with a regular free fight. This "foul play" roused the lion in Lincoln. He hated unfairness, and at once resented it. He suddenly put forth his Samson-like strength, grabbed the champion of the Clary Grove Boys by the throat, and, lifting him from the ground, held him at arm's length and shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then he flung him to the ground, and, facing the amazed

and yelling crowd, he cried : " You cowards ! You know I don't want to fight ; but if you try any such games, I'll tackle the whole lot of you. I've won the fight."

He had. From that day, no man in all that region dared to " tackle " young Lincoln, or to taunt him with cowardice. And Jack Armstrong was his devoted friend and admirer.

I have told you more, perhaps, of the famous fight than I ought — not because it was a fight, but because it gives you a glimpse of Abraham Lincoln's character. He disliked rows ; he was too kind-hearted and good-natured to wish to quarrel with any one ; but he hated unfairness, and was enraged at anything like persecution or bullying. If you look up Shakespeare's play of " Hamlet," you will see that Lincoln was ready to act upon the advice that old Polonius gave to his son Laertes :

" Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,

Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee."

He became quite a man in that little community. As a clerk he was obliging and strictly honest. He was the judge and the settler of all disputes, and none thought of combating his decisions. He was the village peacemaker. He hated profanity, drunkenness, and unkindness to women. He was feared and respected by all, and even the Clary Grove Boys declared, at

last, that he was "the cleverest feller that ever broke into the settlement."

All the time, too, he was trying to improve himself. He liked to sit around and talk and tell stories, just the same as ever; but he saw this was not the way to get on in the world. He worked, whenever he had a chance, outside of his store duties; and once, when trade was dull and hands were short in the clearing, he "turned to" and split enough logs into rails to make a pen for a thousand hogs.

When he was not at work he devoted himself to his books. He could "read, write, and cipher" — this was more education than most men about him possessed; but he hoped, some day, to go before the public; to do this, he knew he must speak and write correctly. He talked to the village schoolmaster, who advised him to study English grammar.

"Well, if I had a grammar," said Lincoln, "I'd begin now. Have you got one?"

The schoolmaster had no grammar; but he told "Abe" of a man, six miles off, who owned one. Thereupon, Lincoln started upon the run to borrow that grammar. He brought it back so quickly that the schoolmaster was astonished. Then he set to work to learn the "rules and exceptions." He studied that grammar, stretched full length on the store-counter, or under a tree outside the store, or at night before a

blazing fire of shavings in the cooper's shop. And soon, he had mastered it. He borrowed every book in New Salem; he made the schoolmaster give him lessons in the store; he buttonholed every stranger that came into the place "who looked as though he knew anything"; until, at last, every one in New Salem was ready to echo Offutt's boast that "Abe Lincoln" knew more than any man "in these United States." One day, in the bottom of an old barrel of trash, he made a splendid "find," two old law books. He read and re-read them, got all the sense and argument out of their dry pages, blossomed into a debater, began to dream of being a lawyer, and became so skilled in seeing through and settling knotty questions that, once again, New Salem wondered at this clerk of Offutt's, who was as long of head as of arms and legs, and declared that "Abe Lincoln could outargue any ten men in the settlement."

In all the history of America there has been no man who started lower and climbed higher than Abraham Lincoln, the backwoods boy. He never "slipped back." He always kept going ahead. He broadened his mind, enlarged his outlook, and led his companions rather than let them lead him. He was jolly company, good-natured, kind-hearted, fond of jokes and stories, and a good time generally; but he was the champion of the weak, the friend of the friendless, as true a knight

and as full of chivalry as any one of the heroes in armor of whom you read in *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*. He never cheated, never lied, never took an unfair advantage of any one; but he was ambitious, strong-willed, a bold fighter, and a tough adversary — a fellow who would never “say die”; and who, therefore, succeeded.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS: *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

Elbridge S. Brooks (1846–1902), a writer of juvenile fiction, was born at Lowell, Mass. His stories for boys and girls have charmed many a youthful heart.

**blue jeans** (blōō'jēnz'), a garment made of twilled cloth.

**buckskin** (būk'skīn), a strong leather.

**contrivance** (kōn trīv'āns), a device, scheme, invention.

**debater** (dē bāt'ēr), one skilled in argument.

**Decatur** (Dē kā'tūr).

**haft** (háft), a handle.

**humanity** (hū mǎn'ī tī), mankind, the human race.

**ingenuity** (īn'jē nū'ī tī), cleverness.

**Laertes** (Lā ūr'tēz), son of Polonius.

**linsey-woolsey** (līn'zī-wōōl'zī), coarse cloth of linen and wool or of cotton and wool.

**Polonius** (Pō lō'nī ūs), father of Laertes and Ophelia in Shakespeare's tragedy, *Hamlet*.

**Sangamon** (Sǎn'gá mōn).

**Thackeray** (Thǎk'ēr ī).

1. Why is the memory of Abraham Lincoln so loved and respected by the American people?
2. How does the author describe Lincoln as a boy of fifteen?
3. What is to be said of his love for animals?
4. Tell about his great love for reading.
5. Describe his scrapbooks.
6. Give a word-picture of how he

read 'on the big hearth of his log-cabin home. 7. How did Abraham get Weems's *Life of Washington*? 8. What event happened in 1830? 9. How did "Honest Abe" manage to earn a few pennies on his way to Illinois? 10. How did he get his first pair of "blue jeans"? 11. Tell of his experience as a boatman on the Mississippi. 12. Why did Lincoln like his new position as clerk? 13. How did Abraham show his great strength? 14. Tell some of his manly characteristics as a clerk. 15. How did he secure a grammar? 16. Why did he succeed in life? 17. Form adjectives from the following verbs: needed, laughed, read, agreed, dried, engaged, explain, criticize, transporting, thought.

Expressions for study:

blue jeans	shingle scrapbook
held the gad	shucked corn
jumped at the chance	slipped back
pull fodder	spring freshets
rail-splitter	teasing tarrypins
say die	work the book out

1. Imagine that you were a boyhood friend of Lincoln, and that you knew him when he became president. Then write a letter to the editor of a newspaper, and tell him how the great Abraham Lincoln secured his education. 2. If you can secure a copy, read Margarita Spalding Gerry's *The Toy Shop*.

---

For Freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

LORD BYRON.

## ARCHBISHOP SPALDING

Most Rev. John Lancaster Spalding (1840-1916), poet, essayist, and lecturer, was born in Lebanon, Ky. His ancestors came to this country with Lord Baltimore to found the Maryland colony.

As a school boy he gave evidence of a brilliant career. He was intensely interested in biography and history; and it may be truly said that he knew every book in his father's library. For his classical training he went to Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. Later on he went to the great University of Louvain, Belgium, and to the American College, Rome, where, after an unusually brilliant course in theology, he was raised to the priesthood.

Shortly after his ordination, he returned to his native country, and labored for fifteen years in Kentucky and in New York. At the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, he was chosen by Archbishop Blanchet as his theologian. Besides he was one of the special preachers on the occasion.

On the death of his uncle, Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, he began to write the life of that eminent theologian and churchman. In 1876, he was consecrated bishop of Peoria, Ill.

Although leading the active life of a missionary bishop, he found time to write several valuable volumes of both prose and poetry. His essays on educational subjects are looked upon with favor by educators of all religious denominations; and his refined and delicate verse has appeared in the best magazines of this country. Among his many works may be mentioned *Things of the Mind*, *Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education*, *Education and the Higher Life*, *America and Other Poems*, *The Religious Mission of the Irish People*, *God and the Soul*, and *Socialism and Labor*.





*W. L. Fogarty*

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING

## GOD'S SCHOLAR

This poem from the pen of Archbishop Spalding is filled with many great religious thoughts.

Be taught of God ; He is deep wisdom's well,  
He is of love the eternal fountain head,  
The truth with which the highest thought is wed ;  
With Him pure faith and hope must ever dwell.

He is the infinite beauty whose sweet spell  
Gives charm and life to what is seeming dead, —  
He is the balm when the sore heart has bled,  
And the sole hope when tolls death's fatal knell.

Be taught of Him if thou wouldst truly know,  
Love Him, if thou wouldst love the perfect best,  
Seek Him if thou wouldst see fair beauty glow,  
Him follow if thou hopest to find rest ;  
To Him bear all the burthen of thy woe,  
And ask, through good and ill, to be His guest.

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING : *God and the Soul.*

## AIDS TO STUDY

**Belgium** (Bělj'i ūm).

**burthen** (būr'th'n), to overload,  
oppress, encumber.

**Emmitsburg** (Ĕm'ts būrg).

**Louvain** (Lōō'vān').

**Peoria** (Pē ō'rī à).

1. What is the meaning of "Be taught of God"? 2. What reason does the author give for saying so? 3. As infinite beauty, what does He do? When is He our balm and our hope? 4. What things does the poet advise us to do in the last stanza? 5. Commit this poem to memory. 6. Form adverbs from the following words: eternal, truth, faith, infinite, sweet, brilliant, charm, perfect, rest, woe.

In memorizing this selection, try repeating the thoughts of the poem in the order in which they occur. After you have mastered the thoughts, endeavor to express them in the exact words of the author.

## CHRISTMAS

The time draws near the birth of Christ :  
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices in four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

John James Audubon was born in the sunny land of Louisiana. There he spent the first ten years of his life amid sweet orange trees, bright magnolia flowers, and strangely-colored butterflies, and beasts and birds.

When the boy was eleven years of age, his dear mother was killed by the Revolutionists of San Domingo. On this account, he and his father went to France. There they lived in a big lonesome dwelling, until one day a kind-faced woman came to be his new mother.

As Mr. Audubon belonged to the French Navy, he was seldom at home for any length of time. John James realized this; and sometimes he preferred to study nature in the woods and fields rather than the multiplication table in school. In vacation time you could find him leaving his home for the country early in the morning to return after dusk.

As he grew older, his father sent him to a military school. But this life was not to the boy's liking. Instead of doing the work assigned him, he learned to play on the violin and the flute. He became so proficient in imitating the songs of the birds that the little creatures used to come and perch upon his shoulders.

When about seventeen years old, the young man returned to his native land. Here he spent many years in the woods studying the ways of the birds and writing about them. At last, the people realized that he was a great man. Then they bought his books, looked at his pictures, and grew to know birds better than they ever before had known them.



AUDUBON

## THE PRAIRIE

On my return from the Upper Mississippi I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine ; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration ; I saw the sun sinking below the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodlands.

I did so, and almost at the same instant, a firelight attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken: I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not infrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other.

His face was covered with blood. The fact was that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck, and presented it to her; she was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself in so retired a spot secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme



suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances, whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favorable report of my observations. I took a few bear skins, and made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eye I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for strong drink, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother — for so she proved to be — bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me, and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition that I already looked upon them as out of the combat. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw the Indian woman take a large carving knife, and go to the grinding stone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons,

and said, "There, that'll soon settle him. Boys, kill yon fellow, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gunlocks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in the world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The Indian woman was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot; but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and, making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travelers run in the United States that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road.

Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place<sup>1</sup> where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with? So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: *Episodes*.

<sup>1</sup>The incident spoken of in the foregoing narrative took place when Audubon was making a return trip to St. Genevieve (then part of Louisiana, but now in the state of Missouri), in the early spring of 1812.

## AIDS TO STUDY

<b>affirmative</b> (ă fûr'mă tîv), a word or phrase expressing assent.	or other material used to fire a charge.
<b>apathy</b> (ăp'ă thî), want of feeling, lack of emotion, indifference.	<b>purport</b> (pûr'pôrt), meaning.
<b>priming</b> (prîm'îng), the powder	<b>raccoon</b> (ră kōōn'), an animal.
	<b>vociferation</b> (vô sîf'ēr ā'shŭn), outcry, clamor.

1. Locate the prairies referred to in this extract. 2. In what season of the year did Audubon take this journey? 3. What did he carry with him? 4. Did he anticipate any danger? 5. Describe the log cabin to which he came. 6. In what language did he speak to the young Indian? 7. How was his appetite satisfied? 8. What aroused the curiosity of the Indian woman? 9. How did he manage to load his gun? 10. Tell about the two athletic youths who came into the cabin. 11. Why did they not attack Audubon and the wounded Indian? 12. Describe the feelings of Audubon before the arrival of the two travelers. 13. How did the strangers treat the Indian woman and her sons? 14. Compare that section of the country in those days with its present condition.

Locate the following phrases in the text, and change them into a single word :

at that moment	of long duration
at the same instant	on my return
full of confidence	to all appearance
in the affirmative	with joy

1. Have you lived for a few weeks or more in a forest? 2. Are you familiar with the sights and sounds of the forest? 3. Are you acquainted with people who live in deep forests? 4. Write a short story about your experience in the woods.

## GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN

This pathetic narrative introduces the reader to one of the most appalling events of the past few centuries, — the famine in Ireland. In the past, many of the Irish people depended chiefly on potatoes as an article of food. In 1846, the potato crop failed, and a terrible famine took hold of the entire country. Men, women, and children died of hunger and fever. Some of them were fortunate enough to have a decent burial, but the bodies of many wasted away in the hills, in the glens, and in the forests of Ireland.

It is true that many charitable persons in this country and in England sent the starving people money and provisions. But they were not sufficient to cope with such widespread want. The English government, too, started public works. But these were inadequate to counteract the misery and distress of the Irish people.

But the strangest thing about this great calamity is that during the two years of the famine, when one-fourth of the people of Ireland died from hunger and its consequences, there was sufficient corn raised in the country to feed the starving; but day after day it was exported by shiploads.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,  
Only three grains of corn;  
It will keep the little life I have,  
Till the coming of the morn.  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,  
Dying of hunger and cold,  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,  
A wolf that is fierce for blood,  
All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
Gnawing for lack of food.  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was heaven to see —  
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,  
How could I look to you,  
For bread to give to your starving boy,  
When you were starving, too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eye, so wild.  
And I felt it in your bony hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother,  
The queen has lands and gold,  
While you are forced to your empty breast  
A skeleton babe to hold, —  
A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
As I am dying now,  
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,  
What has poor Ireland done,  
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
Perishing, one by one?  
Do the men of England care not, mother,  
The great men and the high,  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
Dying of want and cold,  
While only across the channel, mother,  
Are many that roll in gold.  
There are rich and proud men there, mother,  
With wondrous wealth to view,  
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night  
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly, as you held  
My father when he died.  
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is almost gone;  
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,  
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.



## AIDS TO STUDY

Miss Amelia Blandford Edwards (1831-1892), a writer on political, literary, and artistic subjects, was the daughter of an English officer. Her poetic story of the Irish famine gives a good idea of what the people suffered during that dreadful period.

**Amelia Blandford Edwards** (Ā mē'-  
lī ā Blānd'fērd Ēd'wūrdz).

**appalling** (ā pōl'ing), fearful,  
terrible.

**counteract** (koun'tēr ākt'), to hin-  
der, to act in opposition.

**famishing** (fām'ish ing), starving.

**inadequate** (in ād'ē kwāt), not  
sufficient.

**narrative** (nār'ā tiv), a story, an  
account.

**pathetic** (pā thēt'ik), touching.

1. What is meant by a famine? 2. What brought about the famine in Ireland? 3. How many people died from want? 4. Who assisted the people? 5. Mention one very strange incident of the famine. 6. In the first stanza, for what does the boy ask? 7. How does he describe the feeling of hunger? 8. About what was his dream? 9. Tell how the boy describes his mother in the third stanza. 10. What does the boy say about the queen of England? 11. What question does he ask in the fifth stanza? 12. How does he compare England and Ireland in the sixth stanza? 13. What were his dying words? 14. Pick out the clauses in this poem, and notice how they are used and punctuated.

1. Figurative language is based on a real or fancied resemblance of one object to another. The simile is a direct comparison between two objects of different kinds. It is usually introduced by some such word as *like* or *as*, for example, "it has gnawed like a wolf," "he's as good as gold." Give other similes. 2. This poem is strong in feeling. Can you tell what the dominant feeling is? What lines of the poem indicate this?



W. L. P.



## WARREN'S SPEECH OF PROTEST

The stirring days which preceded the War for Independence are always of paramount interest. We cannot forget the sterling patriotism displayed by the men and women of that time. Their unselfish devotion to a great cause serves as a beacon-light for the citizens of to-day. It inspires young hearts with a desire to follow in the footsteps of these noble heroes.

Here we shall read of the incidents that took place in the Old South Church, Boston, while the patriotic Joseph Warren was delivering an oration on the Boston Massacre.

The sixth of March, 1770, broke gray and cool on the windy wharves of Boston. The people were early in the streets despite the north wind. That day Joseph Warren, the patriot, was to deliver an oration on the Boston Massacre in the Old South Church.

He was a young man, and he loved the liberties of the people more than his own life, and his heart was no longer his own, but of his cause.

The Sons of Liberty<sup>1</sup> were to be present on that occasion, and the British officers. The early light of the morning found the patriots' flag flying from the liberty tree. One may see its effigy in stone now on Washington Street, near Boylston Street, on the building that stands where the grand old tree stood.

<sup>1</sup> The Sons of Liberty were an association of the colonists called into existence by Lord Grenville's "Stamp Act." They combined to throw off the allegiance to Great Britain. The association began in New York and Connecticut.

The town was full of excitement that morning. Men breathed fast and hurried. Their faces were electric. They stopped now and then to exchange views. They hurried again. They hardly knew why they hurried. Something was in the air. The thrilling question in all minds was: "Would the British officers arrest Warren, Adams, Hancock, and the other patriots that day in the Old South Church? Would it be a day of crisis, a day of fate?"

The Province House Indian vane turned to and fro in the March winds like the shifts of public opinion. Men's thoughts that day were as shifting as the air. At ten o'clock, the whole town seemed to be in the streets. The Old South Church, near the windy harbor, began to fill with people. Hundreds of visitors from the neighboring towns had come riding into the town, some in wagons and some on horseback, and knots of excited men were to be seen about the stores and under the waving limbs of the bare trees on the Common.

British officers, in red coats and bright buttons, moved about in a body among the people, in a pompous, official, vice-regal way. One of these was observed to have in his hand an egg, and to show it to the others and to talk in a confidential way.

A bright boy, whom we will call Rodney, came tripping down a side street to the place where these officers

were gathered and stopped and glanced curiously at the egg.

"Boy," said the stately-looking soldier who held the egg, "you are a loyalist?"

"Yes, captain."

"And you are true to the cause of the king?"

"Yes, captain, that I am, sir."

"Your father is a loyalist?"

"Yes, captain."

"Do you know General Warren when you see him?"

"Yes, captain."

"Are you going to the South Church?"

"Yes — I will follow you there, sir."

"Boy, mark ye. That egg stands for King George. Don't you break it. In Queen Charlotte's name, don't break it. Throw it at him in the middle of his speech. Understand? Great events will follow."

"At Warren?"

"Yes, at Warren — Joseph Warren. Whom did you think I said?"

The officer handed the egg to the boy as though it were a sword and commission.

As Rodney took it another officer remarked: "If you fail, it may lose the king his colony."

The officers started for the church. They were a brilliant company of men. Rodney, the boy, followed them.

The church was full of people. The British officers could hardly make their way to the seats in front of the platform which had been reserved for them, so dense was the excited crowd.

The boy concealed the egg in his hand and sleeve, and stood alone in full view of the platform, just inside the door. The officer who had given him the egg sat down on the pulpit stairs under the black desk, in view of the boy. Each glanced at the other.

Rodney began to think for the first time of the real importance of the position in which he was placed. He well understood that the throwing of the egg was to be the signal for the arrest of Warren, Adams, Hancock, and the other leading patriots. The destiny of an empire might be in his hands. And Queen Charlotte — if he failed, what would Queen Charlotte say?

The people continued to gather and to crowd upon one another. And hark! Outside a chorus of song burst upon the air. The words and music are thrilling:

“Not the glitter of arms, nor the dread of a fray,  
Can make us submit unto chains for a day.”

The chorus swelled:

“For Freedom we’re born,  
And, like sons of the brave,  
We’ll never surrender,  
But swear to defend her,  
And scorn to survive if unable to save.”

Rodney began to breathe the atmosphere of excitement and to have a sense of awe and fear. What would be the consequence to *him* should he throw the egg at Joseph Warren? He thought of Queen Charlotte.

The song ran on :

"Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
To be free is to live, to be slaves is to fall.  
Has the land such a dastard as scorns not a lord,  
Who dreads not the fetter far more than the sword?  
For Freedom we're born,  
And, like sons of the brave,  
We'll never surrender,  
But swear to defend her,  
And scorn to survive if unable to save."

The excitement grew. The people pressed one upon another. Eleven o'clock came. The orator had not arrived.

"He has been arrested," said one.

It was a false report, but it flew. There was a look in the faces of the patriots that was anxious and awful. It seemed like the shadow of an oncoming tempest. One could feel in the palpitating air its influence, its import, and meaning.

The boy began to gaze about wildly and to tremble, but he carefully guarded the egg. He held it tightly. He thought of Queen Charlotte, and squeezed it as

firmly as King George squeezed the revenues of the empire.

The pulpit was draped in black. It looked ominous and foreboding. Samuel Adams was there in his seat, John Hancock in his seat, the Sons of Liberty in their places. Women were there with stately bonnets, gray gowns, and white, anxious faces. The doors and aisles were full of men with firm-set lips and glancing eyes.

The slow minutes passed, but Warren did not come. There was a deep silence that became oppressive. It was thirty minutes past the hour. Had he been arrested?

Then there was a clatter at the great window of the church. A figure rose up before the gray light in full view of the startled congregation. It was the form of Warren in the dark robes of an orator.

The window was lifted. Hearts beat faster, and all eyes were fixed upon the beautiful face and the dark robes of the young patriot. Warren had been unable to make his way through the crowd, and he had gone up to the side of the church and mounted a ladder, and so entered by the great pulpit window, whose historic panes had rattled in the winds that shattered the fleet of D'Auville that had been sent out for the destruction of Boston.

The scene awed all. Every eye and ear was strained.



Every form sought to bend forward and listen. Slowly, solemnly, came the first words of the orator :

"It is not without the most humiliating conviction of my want of ability that I now appear before you."

The people pressed upon each other in their eagerness to hear.

"I mourn over my bleeding country."

Eyes moistened and the air became electric with sympathy. The orator's words flamed. His face glowed. He burst into a strain of passionate eloquence and described the scene of the massacre of the fifth of March :

"The baleful images of terror crowd around me, and discontented ghosts, with hollow groans.

"Approach we the melancholy walk of death — We wildly stare about, and with amazement ask : 'Who spread this ruin around us? Has France or Spain sent forth her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed again from the far wilderness? No, none of these. It is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound !'"

At this point of profound sensitiveness, the officer thought that his opportunity had come. He glanced at the boy, and the lad raised his trembling arm and his face turned white. Rodney felt something cutting his hand. He relinquished his grasp a little and gasped. The egg was broken. What would Queen Charlotte say now? He opened his hand wider. There, broken

beyond hope, was the egg of King George's empire. The yolk was flowing.

The officer looked at him sternly.

"Rodney," he said.

The boy tried to release his arm from the crowd around him, when he felt another crack in the frail egg, caused by an involuntary contraction of his hand. Just then a thrilling episode arrested all eyes.

A British officer, sitting on the pulpit stairs under Warren, held up his hand; in the fingers were three bullets.

Warren saw it. He read the menace in the movement. He held in his hand a white handkerchief. With a graceful and gracious movement of his hand the orator dropped the white handkerchief over the bullets in the hand of the officer. The scene thus represented to the fancy a menace of war and a proffer of peace, and so it was interpreted by all eyes.

The officer looked at the boy again and saw that he was crying.

"Where justice is the standard," continued the orator, "heaven is the warrior's shield; but conscious guilt unnerves the arm that lifts the sword against the innocent."

The boy worked his way through the crowd and fled from the church, leaving the egg behind.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH: *Boys of Greenway Court.*

## AIDS TO STUDY

Hezekiah Butterworth (1837-1905), a writer of stories and poetry, was born in Warren, R. I. He has published a number of books chiefly descriptive of countries which he has visited, and is the author of two collections of musical verse: *Songs of History*, and *Poems of Christmas, Easter, and New Year's*.

**confidential** (kōn'fī dēn'shāl), secret.

**commission** (kō mīsh'ūn), a written warrant.

**D'Auville** (D'ō'vīl).

**dastard** (dās'tārd), a coward.

**effigy** (ēf'ī jī), an image or a representation of a person.

**episode** (ēp'ī sōd), an event, an occurrence.

**Hezekiah** (Hēz'ē kī'ā).

**involuntary** (īn vōl'ūn tā rī), unwilling.

**loyalist**, one who adheres to his sovereign.

**menace** (mēn'ās), a threat, indication of evil to come.

**myrmidons** (mūr'mī dōnz), soldiers or civil officers who execute orders of a superior without protest.

**ominous** (ōm'ī nūs), ill-omened, menacing.

**oppressive** (ō prēs'īv), hard to bear, unjustly severe.

**oration** (ō rā'shūn), a speech, an address.

**palpitate** (pāl'pī tāt), to quiver, tremble.

**paramount**, supreme, great, important.

**patriotism** (pā'trī ōt īz'm), love of country.

**pompous** (pōm'pūs), overbearing, boastful, ostentatious.

**proffer** (prōf'ēr), an offer.

**relinquish** (rē līn'kwīsh), to yield, give up.

**revenues** (rēv'ē nōōz), incomes, an annual yield of taxes.

**vice-regal** (vīs'-rē'gāl), pertaining to a viceroy.

1. Why is it well to recall to mind the patriotic deeds of those who fought for the freedom of this country? 2. What was the subject of Joseph Warren's address? 3. Do you know the facts of that event? 4. How did Boston town look on the morning of

March 5, 1770? 5. Tell of the agreement between the English officer and the boy Rodney. 6. What did the people who could not gain admission sing? 7. When the orator had not put in an appearance at the appointed time, what did the audience think? 8. How did Warren enter the church? 9. Give the opening words of his oration. 10. When Rodney tried to throw the egg, describe what happened. 11. What did the British officer do? 12. How did Warren counteract its evil effect?

Expressions for study :

a day of crisis	the glitter of arms
broke gray and cool	the palpitating air
chorus of song	their faces were electric
electric with sympathy	to exchange views
proffer of peace	thrilling episode
the dread of a fray	vice-regal way

1. Read *Warren's Address* by John Pierpont. 2. Write a short story and tell what you would have done were you in the boy Rodney's place.

## ADVERSITY

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## ALFRED TENNYSON

More than a hundred years ago, in 1810, Alfred Tennyson was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire. He had the good fortune of having a very pleasant home with eleven brothers and sisters. All the children were of a literary turn of mind. One of the family games, we are told, was to place their poems and stories under the dishes at table. From a very early age, Alfred wrote verses. He liked this kind of work much better than anything else he had to do. Before he had reached his eighteenth year, he and his older brother published a book of poetry called *Poems by Two Brothers*. A few years later, two other volumes were given to the public.

After this Tennyson published nothing for ten years. During all that time the young poet was not idle. He was busy retouching old poems and writing new ones. It was during this time of study and painstaking work that he laid the foundation for the exquisite verses that have come from his pen.

When in 1842 his old and new poems were published in two volumes, his readers were charmed beyond measure. There was then no doubt of his high rank as a poet; and on the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed poet laureate of England.

There is no trait in this great poet's character more beautiful than the sympathy he has manifested in his poems for the world's toilers. His love of nature was a devotion; and in his chivalric poems he has set forth brilliant ideals for the guidance of future generations.



TENNYSON

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

In 1853, the Czar of Russia thought the time was ripe to seize a portion of the Turkish empire. At that very time, there happened to be ill feeling among the different religious denominations living at Jerusalem. Using this as a pretext, the Czar of Russia claimed a protectorate over all the Greek Christians in the Turkish empire. The Sultan of Turkey, however, would not agree to this. So he appealed to England, France, and Sardinia to help him against the Russians. These three countries came to the rescue of the Sultan, so that the Czar of Russia was forced to give up his scheme for extending his dominion.

It was during this struggle, called the Crimean War, that the famous Charge of the Light Brigade took place on October 25, 1854, at Balaklava, a small port on the Black Sea. The Light Brigade was a well-known English regiment commanded by the Earl of Cardigan. On that occasion, it numbered six hundred men, while the Russians had as many as thirty-six hundred. Notwithstanding these great odds, the Light Brigade fought their way through the Russian heavy cavalry; and when the contest was over more than one-half the English soldiers lay dead on the field.

This poem was first published in a London paper in 1854. When it later appeared in book form, it was changed considerably by the author. This will account for the different versions. This is the original version.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred ;  
For up came an order which  
Some one had blundered.  
"Forward, the light brigade !  
Take the guns," Nolan said :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the light brigade !"  
No man was there dismayed,  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered :  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered ;



Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed all at once in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered :  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
With many a desp'rate stroke  
The Russian line they broke ;  
Then they rode back, but not —  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
Those that had fought so well  
Came from the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the light brigade,  
Noble six hundred.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### AIDS TO STUDY

1. What was the cause of the Crimean War? 2. What countries took part in the war? 3. What was the outcome of the struggle? 4. Tell what you know about the Light Brigade. 5. Locate Balaklava. 6. Who were the "six hundred"? 7. How had some one blundered? 8. How did the English soldiers show their prompt obedience? 9. What is the meaning of the order "to charge"? 10. Describe the encounter. 11. Why was the slaughter so terrible? 12. What impression did you get from reading the poem? 13. What characteristic of the combatants do you most admire?

#### Expressions for study:

charging an army  
half a league  
jaws of death

mouth of hell  
sabring the gunners  
valley of Death

It will help us to an appreciative understanding of this poem if we keep in mind the thought and feeling of the poet and the effort that he has made to express these thoughts and feelings.

1. What is the principal thought that the poet is trying to express? 2. Are there minor thoughts that help to build up and

complete this thought? 3. What are they? 4. How do these thoughts affect the author? 5. Is this feeling shown in the poem? Where? 6. Why did the poet put his thought in poetry? 7. Is there any resemblance between the rhythm of the verse and the gallop of horses? 8. Do you think the poet intended to bring out this resemblance? If so, why? 9. Where in the poem do you find word-pictures, scenes, that might be used for illustrations? 10. Do you consider them beautiful? Why? 11. Read aloud the poem. 12. Give a synonym for *onward*, *valley*, *dismayed*, *reply*, *sabres*, *charge*, *fade*, *honor*, *hero*, *boldly*.

## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Whene'er across this sinful flesh of mine  
I draw the Holy Sign,  
All good thoughts stir within me, and renew  
Their slumbering strength divine;  
Till there springs up a courage high and true  
To suffer and to do.

And who shall say, but hateful spirits around,  
For their brief hour unbound,  
Shudder to see, and wail their overthrow?  
While on far heathen ground  
Some lonely saint hails the faint odor, though  
Its source he cannot know.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



ST. PAUL

*Fra Bartolommeo*

## THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

Although St. Paul was not one of the Twelve Apostles, yet, on account of his great missionary work among the Gentiles, he was called the Apostle of the Gentiles. As a young man, he did everything in his power to hinder the progress of Christianity. For, we read in the *Acts of the Apostles* that "Saul made havoc in the Church, entering in from house to house, and, dragging away men and women, committed them to prison." He was not satisfied with ferreting out the followers of Christ in his own locality, but even went to strange cities. It was during a journey to Damascus that he was converted to Christianity in a most marvelous manner. His subsequent missionary journeys, his remarkable speeches, his beautiful epistles, his imprisonment and barbarous death show him to be one of the greatest apostles of the Church.

Saul, as yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest, and asked of him letters to the synagogues at Damascus, that if he found any men and women who believed in Jesus Christ, he might bring them to Jerusalem.

As he went on his journey, it came to pass that he drew nigh to Damascus; and suddenly a light from heaven shone round about him. And, falling on the ground, he heard a voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

Saul answered: "Who art Thou, Lord?"

The Lord replied, "I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest."

Saul, trembling and astonished, said: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The Lord then said to him: "Arise, and go into the city, and there it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Now the men who went in company with him, stood amazed, hearing indeed a voice, but seeing no man.

Saul arose from the ground; and when his eyes were opened, he saw nothing. But they, leading him by the hands, brought him to Damascus. And he was there for three days without sight; neither did he eat nor drink.

Now there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias. The Lord said to him in a vision: "Ananias."

He answered: "Behold I am here, Lord."

The Lord then said to him: "Arise, and go into the street that is called Strait, and seek, in the house of Judas, one named Saul of Tarsus. For behold he prayeth."

Ananias answered: "Lord, I have heard of this man from many—how much evil he hath done to Thy saints in Jerusalem. And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that invoke Thy Name."

The Lord said to him: "Go thy way; for this man is to Me a vessel of election, to carry My Name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel. For I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."

Ananias went his way, and entered into the house. And laying his hands upon him, said: "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus hath sent me; He that appeared to thee in the way as thou camest; that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

Immediately there fell from his eyes as it were scales, and he received his sight; and rising up, he was baptized. When he had taken meat, he was strengthened. He remained with the disciples that were at Damascus, for some days. During this time he preached Jesus in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God.

All that heard him, were astonished, and said: "Is not this he who persecuted in Jerusalem those that called upon His Name: and came hither for that intent, that he might carry them bound to the chief priests?"

But Saul increased much more in strength, and confounded the Jews who dwelt at Damascus, affirming that this is the Christ.

And when many days were passed, the Jews consulted together to kill him. But their laying in wait was made known to Saul. They even watched the

gates, day and night, that they might kill him. But the disciples taking him in the night, lifted him upon the wall, and let him down in a basket.

When Saul was come into Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself to the disciples. They were afraid of him, not believing that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, brought him to the apostles, and told them how Saul had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken to him; and how in Damascus he had dealt confidently in the Name of Jesus.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

### AIDS TO STUDY

**Damascus** (Dā mās'kūs), the chief city of Syria.

**epistles** (ē pīs'lz), letters.

**essayed** (ē sād'), tried.

**ferret** (fēr'ēt), to search like a ferret.

**Gentiles** (Jěn'tilz), those not Jewish in nationality or faith.

**havoc** (hāv'ök), destruction, waste.

**intent** (in tēnt'), purpose, object.

**synagogue** (sīn'ă gōg), the Jewish house of prayer.

1. Why is St. Paul called an apostle? 2. What is most remarkable about his conversion? 3. Give an account of his life before he was converted. 4. What part did Ananias have in Saul's conversion? 5. When the disciples of our Lord feared Saul, who came to his assistance? 6. Name four things which place him among the greatest apostles of the Church. 7. What part did Saul take in the stoning to death of St. Stephen? 8. Why is he called the Apostle of the Gentiles? 9. When was his name changed (Acts xiii, 9)? 10. Two or more words which have



the same sound but different meaning are called *homonyms*, for example, *rain, rein, reign*. 11. Give the homonyms for *here, there, seen, gate, made, sight, might, see, way, strait*.

Expressions for study :

breathing out threatenings

dealt confidently

ferreting out

go thy way

made havoc in the Church

vessel of election

In this account of St. Paul's conversion, we have an illustration of the change that may be brought about in a man's character by God's grace. 1. What kind of man was Paul before he became converted? 2. What did he say and do that proves this? 3. What did people think of him? 4. Where do we find this stated in the selection? 5. What was the new idea or understanding that came to Paul through this miracle? 6. What change did it make immediately in his character? 7. What statements in the selection show this change? 8. Do you know of any case in which the character of a man has been suddenly changed? 9. What was the cause of the change? 10. Write the circumstances briefly.

## VIRTUE

Love Virtue ; she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime ;  
Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

## ROBERT BROWNING

The distinguished author of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, Robert Browning (1812-1889), was born near London. At the age of twelve Robert had written a large number of verses for which his father sought in vain a publisher. The boy was deeply interested in athletics. At Dulwich College, he acquired a good knowledge of music, read much poetry, but he cared little for mathematics.

At the age of twenty Browning traveled through Europe for the purpose of studying history. It must have been at that time that he heard the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin which he has immortalized in the following poem. It is said on good authority that this delightful work was written to amuse a little boy, William Macready, who was confined to his room by illness, as well as to give the child amusing subjects for sketching.

Some years later there was a children's party in the city of Rome, at which Robert Browning and Hans Christian Andersen were present. In the course of the afternoon, Browning acted *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* to the delight of the children.

Some of his best known poems are: *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, *Hervé Riel*, *The Lost Leader*, *Saul*, *The Glove*. His religious opinions may be found in *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*. Though not a Catholic, he gives a most striking description of the Consecration at the midnight Mass in St. Peter's. In the words of *The Athenæum*, "No poet since Burns — none, perhaps, since Shakespeare — has known and felt so deeply as Browning the pathos of human life."



*W. H. Poyning*



# THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

## I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city ;  
The river Weser deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;  
But when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.

## II

Rats !  
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

## III

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking :  
“’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s noddy ;  
And as for our Corporation — shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine  
What’s best to rid us of our vermin !  
You hope, because you’re old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?  
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking  
To find the remedy we’re lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing !”  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

## IV

An hour they sat in council ;  
At length the Mayor broke silence :  
“For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell,  
I wish I were a mile hence !  
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain —  
I’m sure my poor head aches again,  
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !”  
Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap?  
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"  
 (With the Corporation as he sat  
 Looking little though wondrous fat;  
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous  
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)  
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?  
 Anything like the sound of a rat  
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

## V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:  
 And in did come the strangest figure!  
 His queer long coat from heel to head  
 Was half of yellow and half of red,  
 And he himself was tall and thin,  
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
 But lips where smiles went out and in;  
 There was no guessing his kith and kin:  
 And nobody could enough admire  
 The tall man and his quaint attire.  
 Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's <sup>1</sup> tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

## VI

He advanced to the council table :  
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep or swim or fly or run,  
After me so as you never saw !  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;  
And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the selfsame check ;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture, so old-fangled.)  
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;

<sup>1</sup> "Trump of Doom" means the last trumpet, the summons to final judgment.

I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;  
 And as for what your brain bewilders,  
 If I can rid your town of rats,  
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"  
 "One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation  
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

## VII

Into the street the Piper stept,  
     Smiling first a little smile,  
 As if he knew what magic slept  
     In his quiet pipe the while ;  
 Then, like a musical adept,  
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;  
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
 You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling :  
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
     Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,



Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished !  
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary :  
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider press’s gripe :  
And a moving away of pickle tub boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks :  
And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
Is breathed) called out, ‘Oh rats, rejoice !  
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !  
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !’  
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,

Already staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore mè!  
 — I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

## VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,  
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,  
 And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market place,  
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

## IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;  
 So did the Corporation, too.  
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!  
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,  
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;  
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
But as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of then, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty,  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

## X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!  
I've promised to visit by dinner time  
Bagdad, and accept the prime  
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:  
With him I proved no bargain driver,  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe after another fashion."

## XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook  
Being worse treated than a Cook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

## XII

Once more he stept into the street,  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)  
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,  
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,  
Out came the children running.  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

## XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by,  
— Could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However, he turned from South to West,  
To Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain side shut fast.  
Did I say all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say, —  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!  
I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me.

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new ;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honeybees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings :  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more !”

## XIV

Alas, alas, for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says that heaven's gate  
Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !  
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,  
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,

If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,  
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,  
They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
"And so long after what happened here  
On the Twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :"  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —  
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.  
Nor suffered their hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;  
But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great church window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away,  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people who ascribe

The outlandish ways and dress  
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,  
 To their fathers and mothers having risen  
 Out of some subterraneous prison  
 Into which they were trepanned  
 Long time ago in a mighty band  
 Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick land,  
 But how or why, they don't understand.

## XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers  
 Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!  
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,  
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

ROBERT BROWNING.

## AIDS TO STUDY

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>adept</b> (ă dĕpt'), an expert.       | <b>corporation</b> (kôr'pô rā'shŭn), a     |
| <b>Brunswick</b> (Brŭnz'wĭk), a state    | number of persons authorized               |
| of the German empire.                    | by law to act as a single person.          |
| <b>burgher</b> (bŭr'gĕr), a townsman.    | <b>ermine</b> (ŭr'mĭn), white fur with     |
| <b>Caliph</b> (Kă'lĭf), a title.         | black spots.                               |
| <b>cavern</b> (kăv'ĕrn), a cave.         | <b>guilder</b> (gĭl'dĕr), an obsolete Ger- |
| <b>Cham</b> (Kăm).                       | man and Dutch coin.                        |
| <b>commentary</b> (kôm'ĕn tă rĭ), a      | <b>hostelry</b> (hôs'tĕl rĭ), an inn.      |
| series of explanations.                  | <b>Julius Cæsar</b> (Jōōl'yŭs Sĕ'zăr), a   |
| <b>consternation</b> (kôn stĕr nă'shŭn), | Roman general, statesman,                  |
| alarm, dismay.                           | and writer.                                |



**legendary** (ləj'ən də rī), pertaining to a legend, fabulous.

**newt**, a small salamander.

**Nizam** (Nê zām'), a title of an Indian sovereign.

**noddy**, simple, foolish.

**obese** (ô bēs'), stout.

**paunch** (pānch), the stomach.

**peacock** (pē'kōk'), a bird of beautiful plumage.

**piebald** (pī'bōld'), of different colors.

**pottage** (pōt'āj), a thick soup.

**psaltery** (sōl'tēr ī), an ancient musical instrument.

**puncheon** (pūn'chūn), a large cask.

**ribald** (rīb'āld), a rascal, a worthless fellow.

**scorpion** (skôr'pī ũn), a kind of spider.

**stiver** (stī'vēr), a Dutch coin.

**subterranean** (süb'tēr rā'nē ũs), underground.

**Tartary** (Tār'tār ī), a region of eastern Europe and of Asia.

**Transylvania** (Trän'sil vā'nī á), a part of Hungary.

**trepanned** (trē pānd'), trapped, snared.

**vampire** (vām'pīr), a bat.

**vermin** (vūr'mīn), little animals like rats, mice, flies, bugs, etc.

**viper** (vī'pēr), a venomous snake.

**Weser** (Vā'zēr), a river in Germany.

1. How do you suppose that the poet learned about this legend?
2. Locate on the map of Europe the position of Hamelin Town.
3. Why did the people want to get rid of the rats?
4. Who was to blame for the plague of rats?
5. What did the Mayor and the Corporation do to remedy the evil?
6. Describe the appearance of the man who came to their meeting.
7. What proposal did the visitor make?
8. Tell how the piper attracted the rats. How he got rid of them.
9. Describe the rat procession to the river Weser.
10. What happened when the Mayor and the Corporation refused to give the piper his reward?
11. What did the Mayor say to him?
12. How did the piper answer the Mayor?
13. Who flocked around him when he played his pipes the second time?
14. Describe the procession of the children to Koppelberg Hill.
15. What effect did this have on

the Mayor and his Council? 16. How was this legend preserved among the people of Hamelin? 17. In which line of this poem do we find the moral of the legend?

In legendary lore, we find at least six stories telling about different persons, who, on account of their unjust and miserly spirit, were eaten by rats. Here the poet uses the story to make an amusing poem. 1. What diverting situations do you find in the poem? 2. The poet here takes delight in using strange words to make a rhyme. Can you find any of these rhymes? 3. Perhaps you have heard the expression *poetic license*. Here the author uses this license to make these strange rhymes. 4. If you were the child for whom the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* was written, what sketches would you make to illustrate the story?

### AUTUMN SONG

My life is but a leaf upon the tree —

A growth upon the stem that feedeth all.

A touch of frost and suddenly I fall,  
To follow where my sister-blossoms be.

The selfsame sun, the shadow, and the rain,  
That brought the budding verdure to the bough,  
Shall strip the fading foliage as now,  
And leave the limb in nakedness again.

My life is but a leaf upon the tree;  
The winds of birth and death upon it blow;  
But whence it came and whither it shall go,  
Is mystery of mysteries to me.

REV. JOHN B. TABB.

## LARS PETERSEN'S BRAVERY

In my travels about the world, I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my experiences in which children have taken part, so this shall be the story of my adventure with a little postboy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. I made my journey in this season, however, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold, indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should more than once have felt inclined to turn back.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a province in the northern part of Sweden. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors

to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave, and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the neighboring farmers; and when they are wanted, a man or boy goes with the traveler to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out, then to get a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure; but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the

thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their father's horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

"There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were traveling the same way and had taken the post horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so

much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. The keeper's wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband who has gone on with two lumbermen will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the posthouse when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked him, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled, and his mother made haste to say:

"You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you will be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

The boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible. Drawing on his mittens of hare's fur, he took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat.

The night was dark, and the snow blew incessantly, and the tall fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so cheerfully that my own spirits began to rise.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road,—not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on,—sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill,—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs as when we first set out: but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked, as I did about every five minutes, "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow



drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no snow plows out to-night, we shall have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still.

Lars and I stood up and looked around. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees.

I shouted to him, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he came back to the sled.

"If I knew where the road was," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know, and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept, I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter, upon the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What is it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat as if satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered

it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side toward the wind. Then lifting them on the other side, he said:

"Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said that we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and loosen our clothes. When this was done, and we lay close together, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. I remem-

ber that his warm soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no farther than my knees.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out at once; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and he immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready, we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out this early to plow the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good solid

road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in a little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea. There we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both and went on towards Lapland.

Lars was so quiet and cheerful and fearless that although I had been nearly all over the world and he had never been away from home, I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better.

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Boys of Other Countries*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

Few literary men of America have traveled so extensively as Bayard Taylor, the author of *Boys of Other Countries*, from which this story is taken. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. After serving his apprenticeship in a printing office, he devoted his time to travel, writing, and lecturing, until, in 1862, he was appointed Secretary of the American Legation at the Court of St. Petersburg. Less than a year before his death, in 1878, he was appointed United States minister to Germany.

Bayard Taylor has written a great many interesting books especially on travel and adventure. Here are some of them: *Views Afoot, Eldorado, Travels in Greece and Russia, At Home and Abroad, Joseph and His Friend, The Story of Kennet*, and *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln*.

**apprenticeship** (ă prĕn'tis shĭp),  
the time spent in learning a  
trade.

**aurora** (ô rô'râ), a beautiful light,  
in the sky, visible only at  
night.

**Bayard Taylor** (Bî'êrd Tă'lěr).

**geared** (gĕrd), harnessed.

**implements** (im'plĕ mĕnts), tools.

**incessantly** (in sĕs'ănt lĭ), con-  
tinually, unceasingly.

**lappets** (lăp'ĕts), loose folds of a  
garment or head dress.

**Neils Petersen** (Nĕlz Pă'tĕr sĕn).

**Norrland** (Nôr'lănd'), a province  
of Sweden.

**Pennsylvania** (Pĕn'sĭl vā'nĭ ā).

**Stockholm** (Stŏk'hŏlm), a city of  
Sweden.

**Sweden** (Swĕ'dĕn).

**thermometer** (thĕr mŏm'ĕ tĕr), a  
device for measuring tempera-  
ture.

**Umea** (Ūo'mĕ ō), town of Sweden.

**vehicle** (vē'hĭ k'l), a coach, a  
wagon, a car.

**zenith** (zĕ'nĭth), that point of the  
heavens vertically above one.

1. Why was Bayard Taylor such a good story-teller?
2. What is meant by a "postboy"?
3. Has the word any other meaning?
4. Locate Sweden and Lapland on the map of Europe.
5. Where was Bayard Taylor going when he met Lars Petersen?
6. How did he travel?
7. What caused him to do so?
8. Give his opinion of the Swedish people.
9. What do they usually do in winter time?
10. Describe the vehicle in which Taylor traveled.
11. How was he dressed for the journey?
12. What caused the delay?
13. What is the difference between a Swedish mile and an English mile?
14. Tell what you know about Lars.
15. How was he dressed?
16. What mishap took place on the journey?
17. What did Lars propose to do?
18. How did he and Bayard Taylor manage to keep warm?
19. Who came to their assistance?
20. How would you like to live in Sweden or Lapland?
21. Words that have opposite or nearly opposite meanings are called *antonyms*. Give the antonyms for *cold*, *smooth*, *strong*, *tall*, *day*, *below*, *before*, *large*, *fast*, *short*, *left*, *opened*, *younger*, *thick*, *soft*, *narrow*.

## Expressions for study :

a wonderful aurora	icy northern wind
chilled to the bone	peered anxiously
cuddled together	sheltered valleys
geared to a wooden frame	the sky was overcast

1. Look up in your histories and geographies interesting facts about the people of Sweden and Lapland. 2. Study the plan of this story. 3. Make an outline showing what you think are the principal divisions. 4. If you are telling the story according to your outline, how many paragraphs will you have? 5. Can you find out from the story the outline that the author used in writing it?

## THE TOIL OF GOD

Behold the silvered mists that rise  
From all-night toiling in the corn.  
The mists have duties up the skies,  
The skies have duties with the morn ;  
While all the world is full of earnest care  
To make the fair world still more wondrous fair ;  
More lordly fair ; the stately morn  
Moves down the walk of golden wheat ;  
Her guards of honor gild the corn  
In golden pathway for her feet ;  
The purpled hills she crowns in crowns of gold,  
And God walks with us as He walked of old.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## CARDINAL WISEMAN

Nicholas Patrick Cardinal Wiseman, the eminent and scholarly archbishop of Westminster, England, was born in Seville, Spain, of Irish parents. He received his early education in Ireland and in England. Then he went to the English College at Rome, where he was subsequently raised to the priesthood.

In 1835 he went to England to deliver a course of lectures on the *Connection between Science and Revealed Religion*. Speaking about his ability as a lecturer sometime afterwards, the *London Reader* said: "The memory of Cardinal Wiseman will always be endeared to those who have heard him lecture, however they might differ from him in matters of faith, as one of the most pleasing and lucid of lecturers upon a wide range of subjects connected with education, history, art, and science."

When, in 1850, the Catholic hierarchy was reestablished in England, Dr. Wiseman was made the first archbishop of Westminster, and created Cardinal.

Besides his able and convincing lectures, and his most interesting novel, *Fabiola*, Cardinal Wiseman has written *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, *Lectures and Speeches Delivered during a Tour in Ireland, Rome and the Catholic Episcopate*, and *A Hidden Gem*, a drama in two acts.

It is safe to say that within the past few centuries no Catholic, priest or layman, has done more by word and pen for the Church in England than the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman.





*Wiley Pogany*

**CARDINAL WISEMAN**

## CECILIA, THE BLIND MARTYR

In the following selection, we get a glimpse of the history of a blind girl who rather than sacrifice to false gods suffered martyrdom. It deals with the early ages of the Church, and shows what the first Christians had to suffer for their faith.

A number of Roman soldiers under the direction of Corvinus had entered the catacombs in order to arrest Pancratius and the other Christians. When these soldiers came to a place where the passage was entirely filled with sand, they were obliged to retrace their steps. Just as they were coming out of the catacombs, they caught sight of a figure clothed in a dark dress, with whom they begin conversation.

### I

When Corvinus and the soldiers saw the dark figure emerging from the catacombs, the following conversation took place:

"Who can it be? What is it?" the men whispered to one another.

"A sorceress," replied one.

"The guardian genius of the place," observed another.

"A spirit," suggested a third.

Still, as they approached stealthily towards it, it did not appear conscious of their presence; "there was no speculation in its eyes;" it remained unmoved

and unscared. At length, two got sufficiently near to seize the figure by its arms.

"Who are you?" asked Corvinus, in a rage.

"A Christian," answered Cecilia, with her usual cheerful gentleness.

"Bring her along," he commanded; "some one at least shall pay for our disappointment."

Cecilia, already forewarned, had approached the cemetery by a different, but neighboring entrance. No sooner had she descended than she snuffed the strong odor of the torches. "This is none of *our* incense, I know," she said to herself, "the enemy is already within." She hastened, therefore, to the place of assembly, and delivered Sebastian's note, adding also what she had observed. It warned them to disperse and seek the shelter of the inner and lower galleries; and begged of the Pontiff not to leave till he should send for him, as his person was particularly sought for.

Pancratius urged the blind messenger to save herself, too.

"No," she replied, "my office is to watch the door, and guide the faithful, safe."

"But the enemy may seize you."

"No matter," she answered, laughing; "my being taken may save much worthier lives. Give me a lamp, Pancratius."

"Why, you cannot see by it," observed he, smiling.

"True; but others can."

"They may be your enemies."

"Even so," she answered, "I do not wish to be taken in the dark. If my Bridegroom come to me in the night in this cemetery, must He not find me with my lamp trimmed?"

Off she started, reached her post, and hearing no noise except that of quiet footsteps, she thought they were those of friends, and held up her lamp to guide them.

When the party came forth, with their only captive, Fulvius was perfectly furious. It was worse than a total failure; it was ridiculous — a poor mouse come out of the bowels of the earth. He rallied Corvinus till the wretch winced and foamed; then suddenly he asked, "And where is Torquatus?"

He heard the account of his sudden disappearance, told in as many ways as the Dacian guard's adventure; but it annoyed him greatly. He had no doubt whatever, in his own mind, that he had been duped by his supposed victim, who had escaped into the unsearchable mazes of the cemetery. If so, this captive would know, and he determined to question her. He stood before her, therefore, put on his most searching and awful look, and said to her sternly, "Look at me, woman, and tell me the truth."

"I must tell you the truth without looking at you, sir," answered the poor girl, with her cheerfulest smile and softest voice; "do you not see that I am blind?"

"Blind!" all exclaimed at once, as they crowded to look at her. But over the features of Fulvius there passed the slightest possible emotion, just as much as the wave that runs, pursued by a playful breeze, over the ripe meadow. A knowledge had flashed into his mind, a clue had fallen into his hand.

"It will be ridiculous," he said, "for twenty soldiers to march through the city, guarding a blind girl. Return to your quarters, and I will see you are well rewarded. You, Corvinus, take my horse, and go before to your father, and tell him all. I will follow in a carriage with the captive."

"No treachery, Fulvius," he said, vexed and mortified. "Mind you bring her. The day must not pass without a sacrifice."

"Do not fear," was the reply.

Fulvius, indeed, was pondering whether, having lost one spy, he should not try to make another. But the calm gentleness of the poor beggar perplexed him more than the boisterous zeal of the gamester, and her sightless orbs defied him more than the restless roll of the toper's. Still, the first thought that had struck him he could still pursue.

When alone in a carriage with her, he assumed a soothing tone, and addressed her. He knew she had not overheard the last dialogue.

"My poor girl," he said, "how long have you been blind?"

"All my life," she replied.

"What's your history? Whence do you come?"

"I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness, to the blessed martyrs. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, while they went to their devotions. It was on that memorable day, when many Christians were buried at the tomb, by earth and stones cast down on them. My parents had the happiness to be among them."

"And how have you lived since?"

"God became my only Father then, and His Catholic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock. I have never wanted for anything since."

"But you can walk about the streets freely, and without fear, as well as if you saw."

"How do you know that?"

"I have seen you. Do you remember very early one morning in the autumn, leading a poor lame man?"

She blushed and remained silent. Could he have

seen her put into the poor old man's purse her own share of the alms?

"You have owned yourself a Christian?" he asked negligently.

"Oh, yes! How could I deny it?"

"Then that meeting was a Christian meeting?"

"Certainly; what else could it be?"

He wanted no more; his suspicions were verified. Agnes, about whom Torquatus had been able or willing to tell him nothing, was certainly a Christian. His game was made. She must yield, or he would be avenged.

After a pause, looking at her steadfastly, he said, "Do you know whither you are going?"

"Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will send me to my Spouse in heaven."

"And so calmly?" he asked in surprise; for he could see no token from the soul to the countenance, but a smile.

"So joyfully, rather," was her brief reply.

Having got all that he desired, he consigned his prisoner to Corvinus and left her to her fate.

**consign** (kǒn sīn'), to give, deliver.

**Corvinus** (Kǒr vē'nūs).

**dialogue** (dī'ā lǒg), a conversation between two or more persons.

**dupe** (dūp), to deceive, trick.

**episcopate** (ē pīs'kō pāt), the collective body of bishops.

**Fabiola** (Fā bē'ō là).

**Fulvius** (Fōōl'vē ūs).

**hierarchy** (hī'ēr ārk'ī), the bishops.

**lucid** (lū'sīd), clear.

**negligently** (nĕg'ī jĕnt ī), carelessly, indifferently.

**Seville** (Sē vil'), a city of Spain.

**sorceress** (sōr'sēr ĕs), a witch.

**Torquatus** (Tōr kwā'tūs).

**verify** (vēr'ī fī), to confirm, make known as true.

## II

It had been a cold and drizzling day, like the preceding evening. The weather, and the incident of the night, had kept down all enthusiasm; and while the prefect had been compelled to sit indoors, where no great crowd could collect, as hours had passed away without any rest, trial, or tidings, most of the curious had left, and only a few more persevering remained past the hour of afternoon recreation in the public gardens.

But just before the captive arrived, a fresh knot of spectators came in, and stood near one of the side-doors, from which they could see all.

As Corvinus had prepared his father for what he was to expect, Tertullus, moved with some compassion, and imagining there could be little difficulty in overcoming the obstinacy of a poor, ignorant blind beggar, requested the spectators to remain perfectly still, that he might try his persuasion on her, alone as she would imagine, with him; and he threatened



heavy penalties on any one who should presume to break the silence.

It was as he had calculated. Cecilia knew not that any one else was there, as the prefect thus kindly addressed her :

"What is thy name, child?"

"Cecilia."

"It is a noble name; hast thou it from thy family?"

"No; I am not noble; except because my parents, though poor, died for Christ. As I am blind, those who took care of me called me Ceaca, and then, out of kindness, softened it into Cecilia."

"But now, give up all this folly of the Christians, who have kept thee only poor and blind. Honor the decrees of the divine emperors, and offer sacrifice to the gods; and thou shalt have riches, and fine clothes, and good fare; and the best physicians shall try to restore thee thy sight."

"You must have better motives to propose to me than these; for the very things for which I most thank God, and His Divine Son, are those which you would have me put away."

"How dost thou mean?"

"I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and fare not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse."

"Foolish girl!" interrupted the judge, losing patience a little; "hast thou learnt all these silly delusions already? At least thou canst not thank thy God, that He has made thee sightless?"

"For that more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart."

"How so? Dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun or the earth? What strange fancies are these?"

"They are not so, most noble sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which I know to be local, from the varying direction of its rays. And this object looks upon me as with a countenance of intensest beauty, and smiles upon me ever. And I know it to be that of Him Whom I love with undivided affection. I would not for the world have its splendor dimmed by a brighter sun, nor its wondrous loveliness confounded with the diversities of others' features, nor my gaze on it drawn aside by earthly visions. I love Him too much, not to wish to see Him always alone."

"Come, come! let us have no more of this silly prattle. Obey the emperor at once, or I must try what a little pain will do. That will soon tame thee."

"Pain?" she echoed, innocently.

"Yes, pain! Hast thou never felt it? Hast thou never been hurt by any one in thy life?"

"Oh, no! Christians never hurt one another."

The rack was standing, as usual, before him; and he made a sign to Catulus to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms; and, as she made no resistance, she was easily laid extended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever-ready ropes were in a moment passed around her ankles, and arms drawn over her head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, men now held their very breath; while Cecilia's lips moved in earnest prayer.

"Once more, before proceeding farther, I call on thee to sacrifice to the gods, and escape cruel torments," said the judge, with a sterner voice.

"Neither torments nor death," firmly replied the victim tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice but to the one living God; and its ready oblation is myself."

The prefect made a signal to the executioner, and he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk, which though not enough to wrench

them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an excruciating, or more truly, a *racking* pain through all her frame. Far more grievous was this, from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quivering of her features, and a sudden paleness, alone give evidence of her torture.

"Ha! ha!" the judge exclaimed, "thou feelest that? Come, let it suffice: obey, and thou shalt be free."

She seemed to take no heed of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for Thy sake. I have loved Thee in peace; I have loved Thee in comfort; I have loved Thee in joy — and now in pain I love Thee still more. How much sweeter it is to be like Thee, stretched upon Thy cross, even than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table!"

"Thou triflest with me," exclaimed the judge, thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my lenity. We shall try something stronger. Here, Catulus, apply a lighted torch to her sides."

A thrill of disgust and horror ran through the assembly, which could not help sympathizing with the poor blind creature. A murmur of suppressed indignation broke out from all sides of the hall.

Cecilia, for the first time, learnt that she was in the midst of a crowd. A crimson glow of modesty rushed into her brow, her face, and neck, just before white as marble. The angry judge checked the rising gush of feeling; and all listened in silence, as she spoke again, with warmer earnestness than before:

"O my dear Lord and Spouse! I have been ever true and faithful to Thee! Let me suffer pain and torture for Thee; but spare me confusion from human eyes. Let me come to Thee at once; not covering my face with my hands in shame, when I stand before Thee."

Another muttering of compassion was heard.

"Catulus!" shouted the baffled judge in fury; "do your duty, sirrah! What are you about, fumbling all day with that torch?"

The executioner advanced, and stretched forth his hand to her robe, to withdraw it for his torture; but he drew back, and, turning to the prefect, exclaimed in softened accents, "It is too late. She is dead!"

"Dead!" cried out Tertullus; "dead with one turn of the wheel? impossible!"

Catulus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true; she had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl of the judge's countenance to her Spouse's welcoming embrace. Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a

sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer? or had her heart been unable to get back its blood, from the intensity of that first virginal blush?

In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear bold voice cried out, from the group near the door: "Impious tyrant, dost thou not see, that a poor blind Christian hath more power over life and death, than thou or thy cruel masters?"

"What! a third time in twenty-four hours wilt thou dare to cross my path? This time thou shalt not escape."

These were Corvinus's words, garnished with a furious imprecation, as he rushed from his father's side round the inclosure before the tribunal, towards the group. But as he ran blindly on, he struck against an officer of herculean build, who no doubt quite accidentally was advancing from it. He reeled, and the soldier caught hold of him saying, "You are not hurt, I hope, Corvinus?"

"No, no; let me go, Quadratus, let me go."

"Where are you running to in such a hurry? Can I help you?" asked his captor, still holding him fast.

"Let me loose, I say, or he will be gone."

"Who will be gone?"

"Pancratius," answered Corvinus, "who just now insulted my father."

"Pancratius!" said Quadratus, looking round, and seeing that he had got clear off; "I do not see him." And he let him go; but it was too late. The youth was safe at the house of Diogenes.

While this scene was going on, the prefect, mortified, ordered Catulus to see the body thrown into the Tiber. But another officer, muffled in his cloak, stepped aside and beckoned to Catulus, who understood the sign, and stretched out his hand to receive a proffered purse.

"At Lucina's villa, an hour after sunset," said Sebastian.

"It shall be delivered there safe," said the executioner.

"Of what do you think that poor girl died?" asked a spectator from his companion, as they went out.

"Of fright, I fancy," he replied.

"Of Christian modesty," interposed a stranger who passed them.

CARDINAL WISEMAN: *Fabiola*.

## AIDS TO STUDY

**Catulus** (Kăt'û lûs).

**decrees** (dě krēz'), laws, regulations.

**delusion** (dě lû'zhŭn), a misleading of the mind.

**Diogenes** (Dī ōj'ē nēz).

**diversities** (dī vûr'sī tīz), varieties.

**garnish** (găr'nish), to adorn.

**herculean** (hěr kû'lē ăn), very great.

**imprecation** (im'prê kă'shŭn), a curse, an invocation of evil.

**intensity** (In tĕn'sī tī), strength, energy.

**lenity** (lĕn'ī tī), gentleness, kindness, tenderness.

**oblation** (ŏb lă'shŭn), an offering, a sacrifice.

**prefect** (prĕ'fĕkt), a high official in ancient Rome.

**Quadratus** (Kwŏd ră'tŭs).

**sirrah** (sĭr'ă), a term of address.

**suppress** (sŭ prĕs'), to restrain, check.

**Tertullus** (Tĕr tŭl'ŭs).

**tribunal** (trī bū'năl), a court of justice.

**windlass** (wĭnd'lăs), a machine for hoisting.

I. 1. Tell what you know about the time, the place, and the author of this remarkable story. 2. What were the catacombs used for by the Christians? 3. Why did Corvinus lead the Roman soldiers into the catacombs? 4. Was it a successful trip? 5. What prevented them from reaching the assembled Christians? 6. On coming out of the catacombs, what did they see? 7. Give the conversation which took place between Cecilia and Pancratius. 8. Why was Fulvius furious? 9. What did Cecilia tell Fulvius about herself?

II. 1. How did the Roman judge treat Cecilia? 2. Were there many present at the trial? 3. Why was she placed on the rack? 4. In what other awful way did they torture her? 5. During all the torments, what did Cecilia do? 6. What did Pancratius say to the judge? 7. How did Sebastian manage to get the body of Cecilia? 8. Express your opinion of the sterling faith of Cecilia, as well as the inhuman conduct of the judge.

Expressions for study:

by word and pen  
playful breeze  
sightless orbs  
strange fancies

suppressed indignation  
taken in the dark  
unsearchable mazes  
weaklings of the flock



1. If you have enjoyed reading this story, think of the parts that are especially pleasing. 2. Make a brief statement of the points in each of these parts. 3. Name the characters in the selection, and describe the part taken by each. 4. Contrast the noble with the ignoble characters. 5. To show the nobility of character make a list of the statements made by each and the acts that each performed. 6. Dramatize the selection.

As an exercise in language, classify according to use and construction the different phrases in the first part of this extract; and classify in the same manner the clauses in the second part.

## THE POWER OF PRAYER

I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure; but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep and goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

When dreary winter comes, and the ground is covered with a dress of snow, most of the birds have left us. Did you ever stop to think why they do so every year? Is it because they need a vacation? No; they seek a warm climate so as to obtain food as well as to protect themselves from the severe cold of the North. Have you ever seen them on their way to the sunny South? They usually travel in large numbers flying many miles without a stop. Then when the cold days of winter have past, these little wanderers return to their northern homes.

In the following poem there is a dialogue between the poet and the birds. The poet wants to know whether the birds have noticed any changes in the countries through which they passed; and the birds tell her all they have seen.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!  
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?  
"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,  
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,  
From the myrrh trees of growing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song renowned —  
Silent they lie with the deserts round!  
We have crossed proud rivers whose tide hath rolled  
All dark with the warrior blood of old;  
And each worn wing hath regained its home,  
Under the peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,  
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam? —

"We have found a change, we have found a pall,  
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,  
And a mark on the floor as of life drops spilt —  
Naught looks the same, save the nest we built!"

O joyous birds! it hath still been so;  
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!  
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep:  
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot  
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot? —

"A change we have found there — and many a change!  
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!  
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
And the young that were have a brow of care,  
And the place is hushed where the children played —  
Naught looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!  
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air  
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?  
Ye over desert and deep have passed —  
So may *we* reach our bright home at last!

MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS.

## AIDS TO STUDY

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1794–1835), an accomplished English poet, was born in Liverpool. At the age of nine, she went to live in North Wales, where she had an excellent opportunity to study nature in its grandeur. Before she had reached her fifteenth year, she published a book of poems, *Early Blossoms of Spring*. Her later poetical works are noted for their exquisite taste and refinement. Through all, there runs a tinge of sadness.

<b>Felicia Dorothea Hemans</b> (Fē-līsh'ī ā Dōr'ō thē'ā Hēm'ānz).	<b>traverse</b> (trāv'ērs), to pass over,
	<b>travel</b> over.
<b>Sharon</b> (Shār'ōn), a coast-plain of ancient Palestine.	<b>vigil</b> (vij'īl), a watch, state of being awake.

1. What is the meaning of “birds of passage”? 2. Why do the birds take these long journeys? 3. Who is speaking in the poem? 4. What is the first question the poet asks? 5. How did the birds answer the question? 6. Show how a geography lesson can be obtained from the first stanza. 7. State the second question and give the answer. 8. Contrast what the birds found in the king's home with what they saw in the peasant's cot. 9. What changes did they find in the latter? 10. What thought does the poet express in the last stanza?

Expressions for study:

gone are the heads	trackless air
monarch's dome	wandering wing
naught looks the same	we have swept

Read the poem to discover: 1. The word-pictures. In what verses are they found? Are they beautiful? 2. What part of speech does the author use frequently in making these word-pictures?

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728 at the country village of Pallasmore, County Longford, Ireland. Up to his seventeenth year, he received his education in schools within a radius of a hundred miles of his home. In book-learning, we are told, he was, from the first, a little blockhead. His second teacher, Thomas Burns, gives a similar account of his difficulty in learning. When he was nine years of age his schooling came to a sudden stop by an attack of smallpox. On recovering from this illness, his naturally plain face was rendered so ugly that it was hard to look at him without laughing.

After completing his college course, Goldsmith spent two years enjoying the companionship of his native hills and the people who inhabited them. His parents intended that he should study for the church, or become a tutor. But Oliver was not impressed by these callings.

After spending eighteen months studying medicine in Edinburgh, he decided to take a trip to the continent that he might complete his medical studies and satisfy his taste for traveling. He went on foot through Europe singing and playing his flute as a means of support when his money was scarce.

Notwithstanding Goldsmith's indolent, extravagant, and roving disposition during his early years, he has produced such remarkable works as *The Traveler*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Essays on Polite Learning*, *The Bee*, *The Good Natured Man*, *The Deserted Village*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*.



*Willy Popany*



## THE DISCONTENTED MILLER

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those who had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But, if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but, though these were small, they were certain; while it stood and went he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money

underground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Thanks only goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig around the pan! How slyly would I carry it home! not even my wife should see me: and then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile on his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone.

He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this, also, were



answered ; he still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place. Now, therefore, it was past a doubt ; so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed him.

The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring ; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond man's strength to remove it. "Here!" cried he, in raptures, to himself ; "here it is ; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined. She threw her arms around his neck and embraced him in an ecstasy of joy ; but these transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum ; returning, therefore, together to the same place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not, indeed, the expected treasure — but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## AIDS TO STUDY

<b>acquisitions</b> (ăk'wī zīsh'ŭnz), ac- quirements, gains.	<b>extravagant</b> (ĕks'trāv'á gănt), wasteful.
<b>affluence</b> (ăf'lōō ěns), abundance, plenty.	<b>frugality</b> (frōō gāl'ī tī), economy, thrift.
<b>assiduity</b> (ăs'ī dū'ī tī), diligence, close attention.	<b>indolent</b> (īn'dō lĕnt), lazy.
<b>avaricious</b> (ăv ā rīsh'ŭs), greedy, miserly.	<b>mattock</b> (măt'ŭk), an implement for digging.
<b>contemplate</b> (kōn'tĕm plăt), to think about, to meditate.	<b>moil</b> , to work hard.
	<b>Pallasmore</b> (Pāl'ăs mōr).
	<b>tuition</b> (tū īsh'ŭn), instruction.

1. Who wrote *The Discontented Miller*? 2. Tell a few facts about his boyhood days at school. 3. After completing his college course, what did Oliver Goldsmith do? 4. When his funds were low, how did he replenish them? 5. Name a few of his works. 6. Which one of them do you like best? 7. Describe Whang, the miller. 8. What did his neighbor tell him? 9. How did what he had heard affect him? 10. Give an account of his dream. 11. Tell how he progressed in the work. 12. Why did he ask his wife to help him? 13. What happened before he returned? 14. What is the chief purpose of this story? 15. Do you know any person that resembles Whang? 16. Point out the words in this selection which add to the vividness of the description.

1. What is the character of Whang? 2. What word or words accurately describe his character? 3. Can he be called a miser? 4. Is he a wise man? How does the action related in this selection show his character? 5. Use this selection as a model to show the character of a wise man.

## ELISEUS

A short time before the death of Elias, Eliseus was invested with the prophetic office. One day later on, as the two prophets were walking near the river Jordan, Elias was taken up to heaven by a whirlwind. Eliseus then took up the prophetic work, and during his long career, he, too, did the most marvelous things.

It came to pass, when the Lord was about to take up Elias into heaven by a whirlwind, that the prophet said to Eliseus: "Stay thou here, because the Lord hath sent me as far as Bethel."

Eliseus said to him: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

When they were come down to Bethel, the sons of the prophets came forth to Eliseus, and said to him: "Dost thou know that this day the Lord will take away thy master from thee?"

He answered: "I also know it; hold your peace."

Then Elias said to him: "Stay here, because the Lord hath sent me as far as the Jordan."

He said: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

The two of them went on together and fifty men followed them, and the two prophets stood by the Jordan.

Elias took his mantle, folded it together, struck the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, and they both passed over on dry ground.

When they were gone over, Elias said to Eliseus :  
"Ask what thou wilt have me do for thee."

Eliseus said : "I beseech thee, that in me may be thy double spirit."

He answered : "Thou hast asked a hard thing : nevertheless if thou see me when I am taken from thee, thou shalt have what thou hast asked : but if thou see me not thou shalt not have it."

As they went on, walking and talking together, behold a fiery chariot, and fiery horses parted them both asunder : and Elias went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

Eliseus saw him, and cried : "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the driver thereof !"

Then Eliseus took up the mantle of Elias, that fell from him : and going back, he stood upon the bank of the Jordan, and he struck the waters with the mantle of Elias, but they were not divided.

He said : "Where is now the God of Elias?" Then he struck the waters, and they were divided, hither and thither, and Eliseus passed over.

The sons of the prophets at Jericho, seeing it, said : "The spirit of Elias hath rested upon Eliseus."

They said to him : "Behold, there are with thy servants fifty strong men, that can go, and seek thy master, lest perhaps the spirit of the Lord hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain or into some valley."

Eliseus said : "Do not send."

But they pressed him, till he consented, and said : "Send."

They sent fifty men : and they sought three days but found him not.

When they came to him, he said to them : "Did I not say to you : 'Do not send?'"

The men of the city said to Eliseus : "Behold the situation of this city is very good, as thou, my lord, seest : but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren."

He said : "Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it."

When they had brought it, he went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it, and said : "Thus saith the Lord : 'I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more death or barrenness in them.'"

The waters were healed unto this day, according to the word of Eliseus which he spoke.

Then he went up to Bethel : and as he was going up by the way, little boys came out of the city and mocked him, saying : "Go up, thou bald head ; go up, thou bald head."

Eliseus looking back, saw them, and cursed them in the Name of the Lord ; and there came forth two bears out of the forest, and tore the two and forty boys.

At that time, Joram, the son of Achab, reigned over Israel in Samaria, and Josaphat was king of Juda.

Joram did evil before the Lord, but not like his father and his mother: for he took away the statues of Baal, which his father had made. Nevertheless he stuck to the sins of Jeroboam who made Israel to sin, nor did he depart from them.

Now Mesa, king of Moab, had many sheep, and he paid to the king of Israel a hundred thousand lambs, and a hundred thousand rams with their fleeces. But when Achab was dead, he broke the league which he had made with the king of Israel.

King Joram went out that day from Samaria, and mustered all Israel. And he sent to Josaphat, king of Juda, saying: "The king of Moab has revolted; come with me against him to battle."

He answered: "I will come up; he that is mine, is thine; my people are thy people; and my horses are thy horses."

Josaphat said: "Which way shall we go up?"

Joram answered: "By the desert of Edom."

So the king of Israel, the king of Juda, and the king of Edom went a seven days' journey, and there was no water for the army, and for the beasts that followed them.

The king of Israel said: "Alas, alas, alas, the Lord

hath gathered us three kings together, to deliver us into the hands of Moab !”

Josaphat said : “Is there not here a prophet of the Lord, that we may beseech the Lord by him ?”

One of the servants of the king of Israel answered : “Here is Eliseus, who poured water on the hands of Elias.”

Josaphat said : “The word of the Lord is with him.”

Then the king of Israel, the king of Juda, and the king of Edom went down to him.

Eliseus said to the king of Israel : “What have I to do with thee ? Go to the prophets of thy father, and thy mother.”

The king of Israel said to him : “Why hath the Lord gathered together these three kings, to deliver them into the hands of Moab ?”

Eliseus said to him : “As the Lord of hosts liveth, in whose sight I stand, if I did not reverence the face of Josaphat, king of Juda, I would not have hearkened to thee, nor looked on thee. But now bring me hither a minstrel.”

When the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him, and he said : “Thus said the Lord : ‘Make the channel of this torrent full of ditches. You shall not see the wind nor the rain : and yet this channel shall be filled with waters, and you shall drink, you and your families, and your beasts. This is a small

thing in the sight of the Lord. Moreover, He will deliver also Moab into your hands. And you shall destroy every fenced city, and every choice city, and shall cut down every fruitful tree, and shall stop up all the springs of waters, and every goodly field, you shall cover with stones.'"

It came to pass in the morning, when the sacrifices used to be offered, that behold, the country was filled with water.

All the Moabites hearing that the kings were come up to fight against them, gathered together all that were girded with a belt upon them, and stood in the borders.

As they rose early in the morning, the sun being now up, and shining upon the waters, the Moabites saw the waters over against them red, like blood. And they said: "It is the blood of the sword: the kings have fought among themselves, and they have killed one another; go now, Moab, to the spoils."

They went into the camp of Israel: but Israel rising up defeated Moab. And the Israelites destroyed the cities; they filled every goodly field, every man casting his stone; they stopped up all the springs of waters; they cut down all the trees that bore fruit; so that brick walls only remained; and the city was beset by the slingers, and a great part thereof destroyed.

When the king of Moab saw that the enemies had prevailed, he took with him seven hundred men that



drew the sword, to break it upon the king of Edom; but they could not.

Then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall: and there was great indignation in Israel; and presently the Israelites departed from him; and returned to their own country.

On another occasion, when Eliseus had returned to Galgal, there was a famine in the land and the sons of the prophets dwelt before him. And he said to one of the servants: "Set on the great pot, and boil pottage for the sons of the prophets."

When one went out into field to gather wild herbs, he found something like a wild vine, gathered of it wild gourds of the field, filled his mantle, and coming back he shred them into the pot of pottage, for he knew not what it was. And they poured it out for their companions to eat; and when they had tasted of the pottage, they cried out, saying: "Death is in the pot, O man of God."

But he said: "Bring some meal."

When they had brought it, he cast it into the pot and said: "Pour out for the people, that they may eat."

And strange to say there was no bitterness in the pot.

Naaman, general of the army of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master: for by him the Lord

gave deliverance to Syria: and he was a valiant and rich man, but a leper.

It happened that robbers from Syria had led captive from the land of Israel a little maid, who now waited upon Naaman's wife.

She said to her mistress: "I wish my master had been with the prophet, that is in Samaria: he would certainly have healed him of the leprosy which he hath."

Then Naaman went into his lord, and told him, saying: "Thus and thus said the girl from Israel."

The king of Syria said to him: "Go, and I will send a letter to the king of Israel."

Naaman departed, and he took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. He brought the letter to the king of Israel, in these words: "When thou shalt receive this letter, know that I have sent to thee Naaman, my servant, that thou mayst heal him of his leprosy."

When the king of Israel had read the letter, he rent his garments and said: "Am I God, to be able to kill and give life, that this man hath sent to me, to heal a man of his leprosy? Mark, and see how he seeketh occasions against me."

When Eliseus had heard that the king of Israel had rent his garments, he sent to him, saying: "Why hast thou rent thy garments? Let him come to me, and let him know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Eliseus.

Eliseus sent a messenger to him, saying: "Go, and wash seven times in the Jordan, and thy flesh shall recover health, and thou shalt be clean."

Naaman was angry and went away, saying: "I thought he would have come out to me, and standing, would have invoked the Name of the Lord his God, and touched with his hand the place of the leprosy, and healed me. Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel, that I may wash in them, and be made clean?"

So, as he turned and was going away with indignation, his servants came and said to him: "Father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, surely thou shouldst have done it: how much rather what he now hath said to thee. 'Wash, and thou shalt be clean.'"

Then Naaman went down and washed in the Jordan seven times, according to the word of the man of God, and his flesh was restored, like the flesh of a little child, and he was made clean.

So returning to Eliseus with all his train, he came and stood before him, and said: "In truth, I know there is no other God in all the earth, but only in Israel."

## AIDS TO STUDY

**Bethel** (Běth'ěl), a town in Palestine

**Edom** (Ē'dŭm), a region south of the Dead Sea.

**Jericho** (Jěr'ī kō), an ancient city of Palestine.

**Jeroboam** (Jěr'ō bō'ām).

**Joram** (Jō'rām).

**Josaphat** (Jōs'ā fāt), one of the kings of Juda.

**Mesa** (Mā'sä).

**Moab**, an ancient kingdom of Syria.

**Naaman** (Nā'à măn).

1. Who invested Eliseus with the prophetic office? 2. What favor did Eliseus ask of Elias just before he went up to heaven? 3. What was the first miracle which Eliseus performed? 4. What did the bad boys do, and how were they punished? 5. Repeat the conversation between King Josaphat and Eliseus. 6. What miracle did the prophet perform on that occasion? 7. Tell about the battle which ensued. 8. How did Eliseus treat the leper Naaman? 9. What did Naaman say to Eliseus?

1. Can you separate this selection into scenes suitable for dramatization? 2. How many scenes are there and who are the characters in each scene? 3. Write one scene in dramatic form. 4. With pencil or pen sketch a few simple pictures to illustrate any one incident in this selection.

## POWER OF LOVE

'Tis not the work of force, but skill,  
To find the way into man's will.

'Tis love alone can hearts unlock ;  
Who knows the word, he need not knock.

REV. RICHARD CRASHAW.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN

John Henry Cardinal Newman (1801–1890) was one of the most brilliant literary men of England in the nineteenth century. He was born in London, England, in 1801, being the eldest of six children — three boys and three girls. At the age of seven he was sent to a private school at Ealing. There he made a name as a bright, cheerful, hard-working student. Though in no way a precocious boy, he attracted attention by his original compositions in prose and verse in his eleventh year. After having spent eight years at Ealing, he entered Trinity College.

In 1824 he became a minister of the English Church, and shortly afterwards he was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford.

A few years later the Tractarian Movement occupied the minds of the English people. Newman was at the head and front of this religious discussion, which was carried on in *The London Times*. The object of these tracts was to show that many doctrines held by the Catholic Church, but repudiated by the English Church, were true.

The outcome of the movement, which lasted more than ten years, was that John Henry Newman and many of his disciples were received into the Catholic Church, in 1845. He then went to Rome and was ordained to the priesthood three years later. In 1852, he was appointed rector of the Catholic University established in Dublin, and in 1879 he was raised to the Cardinalate by Pope Leo XIII.

Few English writers have written so many remarkable books on a great variety of subjects as Cardinal Newman. His story, *Callista*, is perhaps the only one of them which would interest boys and girls.



*W. H. P.*

CARDINAL NEWMAN

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Here we shall read the poem, which describes the states of mind through which Cardinal Newman passed on his way from the Church of England to the Bark of Peter. The poem has a special attraction for those who have learned to admire and love this great churchman, scholar, and writer.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## AIDS TO STUDY

**Ealing** (Ē'ling).

fen, a marsh.

**garish** (gār'ish), dazzling, showy,

gaudy.

**moor**, a hill.**repudiate** (rē pū'dī āt'), to reject,

disavow.

**Tractarian** (Trāk tā'rī ān).

1. Who is the "kindly Light" whom the poet is addressing?
2. What is meant by "amid th' encircling gloom"? 3. Why was the poet surrounded by gloom? 4. What is meant by "I am far from home"? 5. Where does the poet say that he wishes to go gradually? 6. What part of his life is included in the second stanza? 7. Tell what his inclinations were then, and what ruled his life. 8. What request does he ask of our Lord? 9. How does he show his great confidence in the Saviour? 10. For what does the poet long? 11. Where did the "kindly Light" lead Cardinal Newman? 12. Did the Catholic Church satisfy his longings?

## Expressions for study :

encircling gloom

far from home

keep thou my feet

o'er moor and fen

pride ruled my will

the distant scene

the garish day

the night is dark

1. Write in the form of a prayer and in your own words the various thoughts expressed in this poem. You might begin in this manner: "O dear Jesus, my mind is filled with doubt. I do not know where to turn. I feel as if I were far away from the true Church. Please, dear Lord, guide my wandering feet, so that I may gradually arrive at Truth, etc." 2. Commit this deeply religious poem to memory.



## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), the author of many delightful poems and stories for boys and girls, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. After finishing his education at the University of Edinburgh he took up the study of law. Poor health compelled him to go to the south of France, to the Adirondacks, and finally to Samoa, where he died. Some of his best known works are: *An Inland Voyage*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Stories of Men and Books*, *A Child's Garden of Verse*, *Treasure Island*, *Travels with a Donkey*, *The Arabian Nights*, *The Silverado Squatters*, and *Kidnapped*.

Though Stevenson was in poor health most of his life, he was nevertheless always cheerful and gay. The deep interest which he took in the young helped to keep him youthful; and the direct expression of his love for youth is found in all his works. He brings back old chivalries, and talks to the boyhood of to-day of shipwrecks and highwaymen. In his *Child's Garden of Verse* he has portrayed most skillfully and beautifully the inner life of childhood. Though he wrote expressly for the young, he has succeeded in pleasing every class of readers.

*Treasure Island*, considered by some critics his masterpiece, is a book for boys which will be delightful to all grown up men who have the sentiment of treasure hunting and are touched with the true spirit of adventure. The story is told in such a fascinating manner that it cannot fail to interest any one who reads it. From the very first chapter it grips the attention of the reader.



STEVENSON

## THE SEA CHEST

The first three chapters of *Treasure Island*, from which this selection is taken, tell about Admiral Benbow Inn, the island on which it is situated, and some of the people who live there. Among these we find an old sea captain, a boy and his good mother, Doctor Livesey, and a few notorious characters. It happened that the captain stayed with the boy and his mother. For some time he had not paid the rent of his room. When he died suddenly, the poor widow was in a quandary as to how she would get what the captain owed her. She knew that he had a chest containing all his valuables, but she did not like to open it. She feared, however, that if the news of the captain's death leaked out, a band of robbers might come and steal all his money.

I lost no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and perhaps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money — if he had any — was certainly due to us; but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates, above all the two specimens seen by me, Black Dog, and the blind beggar, would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. The captain's order to mount at once and ride for Dr. Livesey would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house :

the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighborhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlor floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments, when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be resolved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighboring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Bare-headed as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

The hamlet lay not many hundred yards away, though out of view, on the other side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in an opposite direction from that whence the blind man had made his appearance, and whither he had presumably returned. We were not many minutes on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other and hearken. But there was no unusual sound — nothing but the low wash of the ripple and the croaking of the crows in the wood.

It was already candlelight when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were

likely to get in that quarter. For — you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves — no soul would consent to return with us to the “Admiral Benbow.” The more we told of our troubles, the more — man, woman, and child — they clung to the shelter of their houses.

The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known to some there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had been to field-work on the far side of the “Admiral Benbow” remembered, besides, to have seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be smugglers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger in what we called Kitt’s Hole. For that matter, any one who was a comrade of the captain’s was enough to frighten them to death. And the short and the long of the matter was, that while we could get several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey’s, which lay in another direction, not one would help us to defend the inn.

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had said his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; “if none of the rest of you dare,” she said, “Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you

big, hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful money in."

Of course, I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked; and to promise to have horses ready saddled in case we were pursued on our return; while one lad was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating finely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be as bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our huge relief, the door of the "Admiral Benbow" had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we ad-

vanced into the parlor. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that*; and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot*; and, taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten to-night."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and a big needle, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with the crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box, were all that they contained. I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and hurried up-stairs, without delay, to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B." burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

"Give me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began — a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch, and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. It has often set me thinking since that he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life.



In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and the trinkets, and neither of these were in our way. Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with seasalt on many a harbor-bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us, the last things in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's score from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes — doubloons, and louis d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight, and I know not what besides, all shaken together at random. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about half way through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth — the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle

being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going"; for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears; though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less.

It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights, and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. We

had not started a moment too soon. The fog was rapidly dispersing; already the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side; and it was only in the exact bottom of the dell and round the tavern door that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. For less than half way to the hamlet, very little beyond the bottom of the hill, we must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the newcomers carried a lantern.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I am going to faint."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the cowardice of the neighbors; how I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and her greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness! We were just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering as she was, to the edge of the bank, where sure enough, she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move her, for the bridge was too low to let

me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay — my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us within earshot of the inn.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Treasure Island*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

<b>Adirondacks</b> (Äd'ī rŏn'däks), mountains located in New York.	<b>Jekyll</b> (Jē'kil).
<b>Admiral Benbow</b> (Äd'mī räi Bēn'bō), an English admiral.	<b>louis d'or</b> (lōō'ī-dōr), a French coin.
<b>canikin</b> (kān'ī kīn), a drinking vessel.	<b>miscellany</b> (mīs'ē lā nī), a mixture of various things.
<b>doubloon</b> (dūb'lōōn), a Spanish gold coin.	<b>notorious</b> (nō tō'rī ūs), noted, usually unfavorably.
<b>emboldener</b> (ēm bōl'd'n ěr), one who gives boldness or courage.	<b>presumably</b> (prē zūm'ā blī), supposed, by probable evidence.
<b>guinea</b> (gīn'ī), an English gold coin.	<b>quadrant</b> (kwōd'rānt), an instrument for measuring altitudes.
<b>gully</b> (gūl'ī), a large knife.	<b>quandary</b> (kwōn'dā rī), a state of perplexity.
<b>infectious</b> (īn fēk'shūs), readily communicated.	<b>repugnance</b> (rē pūg'nāns), disgust.
	<b>Samoa</b> (Sā'mō ā), an island in the Pacific Ocean.

1. Do you like stories about sailors on the briny deep?
2. Have you ever read such stories?
3. What poems by Stevenson have you read?
4. Why were the mother and the boy interested in the captain?
5. What did they fear?
6. Why did they go to the neighboring hamlet?
7. Did any one volunteer to assist them?
8. What were they compelled to do?
9. Describe what took place while they were looking for the key.
10. What did they find in the trunk?
11. Why did it take so

long to count out what was due them? 12. What frightened them? 13. How did they get away? 14. Describe the scene near the bridge.

Expressions for study:

chicken-hearted men	the gathering evening
had presumably returned	to and fro
I jumped in my skin	two brace
little lugger	was already candlelight
pigtail tobacco	within earshot

1. Imagine that you are making that journey to the Admiral Benbow Inn, and tell what you hear, see, feel, and think. 2. Pick out and discuss the most striking descriptions in this extract. 3. Recall the main facts of the stories about *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Captain Tuttle's Protégé*, *The Iceberg*, which you have read in the FIFTH READER and the SIXTH READER of the IDEAL CATHOLIC SERIES.

## REAL WORTH

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honor peereth through the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## MEMORIAL DAY

It is most fitting that we should have a high appreciation of the noble heroes who fought and died for our country. In order to perpetuate their memory, a certain day of the year is set apart not only to decorate their graves, but to recall to mind their deeds of bravery on land and sea. It is about this special occasion, Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, that Joyce Kilmer speaks in the following poem.

The bugle echoes shrill and sweet,  
But not of war it sings to-day.  
The road is rhythmic with the feet  
Of men-at-arms who come to pray.

The roses blossom white and red  
On tombs where weary soldiers lie;  
Flags wave above the honored dead  
And martial music cleaves the sky.

Above their wreath-strewn graves we kneel,  
They kept the faith and fought the fight.  
Through flying lead and crimson steel  
They plunged for Freedom and the Right.

May we, their grateful children, learn  
Their strength, who lie beneath this sod,  
Who went through fire and death to earn  
At last the accolade of God.

In shining rank on rank arrayed  
 • They march, the legions of the Lord ;  
 He is their Captain unafraid,  
 The Prince of Peace . . . Who brought a sword.

JOYCE KILMER.

### AIDS TO STUDY

Joyce Kilmer, an American journalist, critic, and poet, was born at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1886. His classical education was received at Rutgers College and Columbia University. He was for a short period instructor in Latin at the Morristown (N. J.) High School; editorial assistant on the *Standard Dictionary*, and editor of the *Churchman*. At present he is engaged on the editorial staff of *The New York Times* and the *Literary Digest*.

**accolade** (ăk'ô lăd'), the reward, ceremony formerly used in conferring knighthood.  
**martial** (măr'shăl), warlike, military.

**perpetuate** (pěr pět'û ât), to make perpetual, cause to endure.  
**rhythmic** (rĭth'mĭk), musical, metrical, or poetic.  
**Rutgers** (Rût'gěrz).

1. On Memorial Day, what is the purpose of the bugle call?
2. Why do we gather around the graves of the honored dead?
3. What does the poet ask for in the third stanza? 4. Who is the Captain of those soldier-heroes now?

In connection with this lesson, the heroic deeds of those brave men who fought and died for our country should be recalled to mind. That will lead the way for the proper understanding of the history and purpose of Memorial Day.

## WASHINGTON IRVING

In New York, at the close of the War for Independence, the eleventh child of William and Sarah Irving was born. When this boy was two months old, General Washington entered New York a conqueror at the head of his army. Out of compliment to the "Father of our Country," William Irving had his young son christened Washington.

During his fourth and fifth years Washington Irving studied the mysteries of the alphabet at Mrs. Kilmaster's school. But his progress was very slow. His second teacher was a revolutionary soldier. This man took a special liking to young Irving who was a gentle, truthful boy, and the greatest reader of his class. Like many other pupils who afterwards gained eminence in the literary world, he cared little for arithmetic. If his teacher were willing, he would have spent all his time at school reading.

He began to write a drama at the age of thirteen. This was played by the pupils of his school shortly afterwards, and brought much praise to the author. At the age of sixteen, he left school to take up the study of law in an attorney's office. Two years later, delicate health caused him to take a trip to Europe.

On his return to New York Washington Irving continued his studies, and was in due time admitted to the bar. But his heart was not in the work. So a few years later, he gave up the practice of law to devote his entire time to writing.

This was a fortunate change; for he has enriched the English language with such delightful productions as *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, *The Sketch Book*, *Tales of a Traveler*, *Life of Columbus*, and the *Life of Washington*.





*Wm. Irving*

**WASHINGTON IRVING**

## THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Among the masterpieces of American literature, there is perhaps none which appeals more strongly to school children than the delightful tale of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* by Washington Irving. The extract which follows gives a most readable and interesting sketch of the quaint inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow, especially of the village schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world.

A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shade one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe,

held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of these parts,

who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement,

which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green

glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from the cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out, — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of the pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then, by the authoritative voice of the master, in a tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch,

as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convey some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts



of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to the country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit

with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, quavers which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, and which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labors of head-work, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

#### AIDS TO STUDY

**adjacent** (ă jă'sěnt), neighboring,  
bordering.

**anaconda** (ăn'ă kŏn'dă), a large  
snake.

**architect** (ăr'kī tĕkt), one who  
draws the plans and designs  
of buildings and who superin-  
tends their erection.

**assurance** (ǎ shōōr'ǎns), pledge, guaranty.

**authentic** (ô thên'tik), real, true, reliable.

**authoritative** (ô thōr'ī tā tīv), commanding.

**behoove** (bē hōōv'), to be necessary.

**belate** (bē lāt'), to delay beyond the usual time.

**chastisement** (chās'tiz mēnt), punishment.

**collate** (kō lāt'), to compare critically.

**conning** (kōn'nīng), studying, committing to memory.

**consolatory** (kōn sōl'ā tō rī), of a consoling nature.

**denominate** (dē nōm'ī nāt), to name, call.

**dilate** (dī lāt'), to enlarge, expand.

**discrimination** (dīs krīm'ī nā'shūn), judgment, discernment.

**dominant** (dōm'ī nānt), prevailing, ruling.

**elapse** (ēlāps'), to pass away silently, to slip or glide away.

**embarrassment** (ēm bār'ās mēnt), perplexity.

**exploit** (ēks ploit'), act, deed, feat.

**formidable** (fōr'mī dā b'l), fearful, threatening, dreadful.

**frontier** (frōn'tēr), the bordering on another country or unsettled region.

**Hessian** (Hēsh'ūn), a native of Hesse, Germany.

**Ichabod** (Īk'ā bōd).

**inapplicable** (īn āp'li kā b'l), incapable of being applied, not suitable.

**ingeniously** (īn jēn'yūs lī), skillfully.

**ingratiate** (īn grā'shī āt), to win, gain favor.

**inveterate** (īn vēt'ēr āt), deep-rooted, habitual, obstinate.

**legions** (lē'jūnz), multitudes, great numbers.

**legitimately** (lē jīt'ī māt lī), lawfully.

**magnanimously** (māg nān'ī mūs lī), nobly, generously, honorably.

**maintenance** (mān'tē nāns), support, livelihood.

**meteors** (mē'tē ōrz), transient luminous bodies which move rapidly through the atmosphere.

**migration** (mī grā'shūn), moving from one place to another.

**onerous** (ōn'ēr ūs), burdensome, troublesome.

**pedagogue** (pēd'ā gōg), a teacher.

**peradventure** (pēr'ād vēn'tūr), perhaps, possibly.

**potentate** (pō'tēn tāt), a ruler.

**powwows** (pow'wowz'), Indian ceremonies.

**profile** (pró'fíl), an outline, to draw with a side view.

**propensity** (prō pēn'sī tī), inclination, disposition.

**psalmody** (sām'ō dī), art of singing psalms.

**reverie** (rēv'ēr ī), a day dream.

**sequester** (sē kwēs'tēr), to seclude, retire.

**sojourn** (sō'jūrn), reside, dwell.

**specter** (spēk'tēr), an apparition, a ghost.

**Tappan Zee** (Tāp'an Zā), an expansion of the Hudson River.

**tolerably** (tōl'ēr ā blī), endurably.

**urchin** (ūr'chīn), a pert child, usually a boy.

**whilom** (hwī'lūm), once, of old.

**wight** (wīt), a creature.

**withe** (wīth), a slender twig.

1. Locate Greensburgh or Tarrytown.
2. Why was it called the latter name? Describe the quiet valley not far from the village.
3. What was it called and why?
4. What were the current rumors about this valley?
5. Tell about the headless horseman.
6. Who was Ichabod Crane?
7. Tell what he looked like and how he kept his school.
8. What is meant by "doing his duty by the parents"?
9. What did Ichabod do after school hours?
10. As a singing master, what were his duties?
11. Compare the schools of that time with those of to-day.
12. Would you like to have lived in those days?

Locate the following expressions in the text and substitute different expressions in order to change the form without changing the meaning :

by hook and by crook

by-place of nature

carried away the palm

certain it is

conning over their lessons

continual reverie

ever and anon

flowery path of knowledge

inveterate propensity

listless repose

mere drones

sequestered glen

the dilating powers

the drowsy shades

the labors of headwork

the Sabbath stillness

In this selection we have two excellent models of description, the character-sketch of Ichabod Crane, and the description of the schoolhouse. To appreciate these, we need only to read them. 1. What characteristics of Crane does the author present? 2. Do they leave a clear impression of the appearance and kind of man Ichabod Crane is? 3. Try to sketch the character of some person whom you know, using this model. 4. In describing the schoolhouse what is the viewpoint of the author? 5. Does the author keep this viewpoint throughout the description? 6. If the author had gone inside the schoolhouse the viewpoint would have been changed, and the change would have been indicated by a brief narrative sentence or two. Write from two viewpoints a brief description of the schoolhouse.

## CHARITY

Could I command, with voice or pen,  
The tongues of angels and of men,  
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,  
My speech and preaching would surpass;  
Vain were such eloquence to me,  
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,  
Give all my goods to feed the poor —  
Had I the faith from Alpine steep  
To hurl the mountain to the deep —  
What were such zeal, such power, to me  
Without the grace of charity?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS

An inspiring poem written for the unveiling of the Columbus Memorial at Washington, D.C., June 8, 1912.

Beyond the wisest wit of man,  
Beyond his power to peer or scan,  
God shapes His own enduring plan.

How vast soe'er to us may seem  
The reach of some stupendous scheme,  
God's issue far outruns the dream.

God stirs the dreamer to aspire,  
He fills his bosom with the fire  
Of lofty hope and large desire ;

But greater than the dreamer's thought,  
And farther than the goal he sought,  
God's mighty purposes are wrought.

What grander vision ever woke  
Man's spirit with its master-stroke  
Than that which on Columbus broke —

When first God planted in his breast  
The seed of that divine unrest  
Which sought the East but found the West !

When, moved by sagas old and quaint,  
Still lingering like echoes faint,  
Of Viking bold and Sailor-saint,

He mused upon their olden tale,  
And dreamed some day to spread his sail  
Before the westward-moving gale ;

Until, where Eastern planets shone,  
His ship should haply come upon  
The golden realm of Prester John ;<sup>1</sup>

Until — O, glorious day to be ! —  
Adventuring forth in manhood free,  
He solved the mystery of the sea !

The dream close-wedded to his will  
Long years of failure could not kill —  
More steadfast did they make him still.

He heard the cackling mirth of fools,  
(Of nobles the ignoble tools)  
He bore the scathing scorn of schools.

Yet could not from his quest be turned —  
The fire within that blazed and burned  
All doubt defied, all danger spurned.

<sup>1</sup> A legendary monarch believed to have made great conquests from the Mussulmans in the twelfth century, and to have established a powerful empire somewhere in Asia.

Until at last with ships and men  
They saw him sail beyond their ken,  
Nor deemed he'd e'er return again.

"He goes," they said, "on errand blind!" —  
We know that he went forth to find  
A Land of Promise for mankind!

Ambition's many-colored flame  
Before him shone — worth, wealth and fame,  
A princely place, a noble name —

The stalwart sailor's manly pride,  
The scholar's reputation wide —  
All these he saw, and more beside.

Yea, more — for, ever as he dreamed,  
Religion's light about him streamed,  
Its sacred symbol o'er him gleamed.

New provinces, new power for Spain  
He fain would find, but still more fain  
New realms where Christ the Lord should reign!

'Twas thus Columbus dreamed, 'twas thus  
His spirit strong, adventurous,  
When sailors murmured, mutinous, —



Or when, as day on day went by,  
And naught appeared but sea and sky,  
His own resolve was like to die, —

O'ercome the danger from without,  
O'ercome the deadly inner doubt,  
Put all his spirits' foes to rout.

For, in the sky that o'er him bent,  
God's vision still before him went,  
The holy hope, the high intent.

And, thus sustained, his course he kept,  
Until his eye, that rarely slept  
But still the wide horizon swept,

Beheld, as he the darkness scanned,  
A light — a light ! — a blazing brand ! —  
And there, thank God, at last was land !

Beyond the widest reach of man,  
Beyond the farthest power to scan,  
God frames a farther future plan.

God chooses with unerring art  
The player of a noble part,  
He makes him great in brain and heart.

He fits the actor for the rôle —  
 But never e'en the chosen soul  
 May see God's drama as a whole.

Columbus died, or ere he learned  
 His work a richer wage had earned  
 Than that for which he toiled and yearned.

For grand as was the dream he knew,  
 God's vision held a vaster view —  
 To make the whole world's dream come true!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

#### AIDS TO STUDY

Denis A. McCarthy (1871- ), a journalist, poet, and lecturer, was born in Tipperary, Ireland. After receiving a thorough education from the Christian Brothers of his native town he decided to try his fortune in the new world. After arriving in Boston in 1886, he found congenial employment. But like so many other literary men of his race, he was endowed with a roving disposition. As a consequence, he invaded the Middle West, where he remained for a few years. But the literary atmosphere of Boston brought him back to the city, where he found employment on the *Sacred Heart Review*. This was the ambition of his life. In a very short time, his unusual ability won for him a place in the editorial sanctum. In his spare moments, Mr. McCarthy has found time to write three books of poetry, to contribute articles for the best weeklies and monthlies of this country, and to lecture on Irish poetry, wit and humor, and folk lore. He is at

present editor of the *North American Teacher*, an educational journal published in the interest of Catholic schools.

**cackling** (kăk'ling), silly, prattling.

**ignoble** (ig nō'b'l), mean, dishonorable, disgraceful.

**mutinous** (mū'ti nūs), rebellious.

**Prester John** (Prēs'tēr Jôn).

**sagas** (sā'gāz), ancient Scandinavian legends.

**sanctum** (săŋk'tŭm), a room used for personal use, a sacred place.

**scathe** (skāth), to wound, do harm to, damage.

**stupendous** (stŭ pĕn'dŭs), wonderful, monstrous, astonishing.

**symbol** (sīm'bŏl), a sign, a figure, a type.

**Tipperary** (Tĭp'ēr ā'rĭ), a county of Ireland.

**Viking** (Vī'king), one who belonged to the pirate crews of the Northmen.

1. The providence of God is beyond what? 2. Does it reach farther than our wildest dreams? How does God inspire men? 3. What does He inspire them to do? 4. Who inspired Columbus? 5. What obstacles did he encounter? 6. What were some of the comments of the people? 7. What was his chief ambition? 8. How did he inspire the sailors? 9. What must he have said when he saw land? 10. Did he realize the great work that he did? 11. What other poems on Columbus have you read?

1. Review the story of the great Columbus as you find it in your textbook on history. 2. Are the facts in the poem the same as those given in the textbook? 3. In what respects do they differ? 4. How do you account for this? 5. *Columbus* by Joaquin Miller, and *The Voyage of Columbus* by Samuel Rogers, are interesting and profitable reading. 6. Study the words having prefixes in this poem, and notice how they change the meaning of the root word.

## BOB'S PICNIC

Doctor Maurice Francis Egan in the story entitled *The Watson Girls* gives a humorous yet pathetic account of Alice and Clara Watson: two girls who had a very high opinion of themselves, but a rather poor estimation of their country cousin, Amélie Watson. It happened on one occasion that their brother Bob gave a party. Six young people bent on fun took the morning boat for the picnic grounds. A few incidents connected with that memorable day are recorded in the following chapters.

"Dear me!" said Alice, impatiently, pulling her pink lawn skirt about her, "some of these people are so rude! And Bob has gone off with my parasol, — my complexion will be ruined! I wish I hadn't worn my patent leather slippers; they pinch terribly. But a girl must look nice!"

"Not if she wants to enjoy herself at a picnic," said Belinda, who carried a large glass jar of lemonade; her bright red felt hat was pushed to the side of her head as usual.

Alice looked very dainty and pretty, but unhappy. Her shoes were slight, and the path was covered with big pebbles and tough grass. Her much-ruffled pink frock had been rumpled slightly in passing through the crowd on the wharf, and her straw hat was adorned with such expensive French roses that she was afraid the fierce sunlight would cause them to fade.

"Do hurry, Amélie," she said. "Let's get into the shade. There's that German boy about to speak to you! — Come on, — don't notice him!"

Amélie smiled and paused, detaining Alice gently.

"Fraulein," said the German boy, "I want to give this for thankfulness of your music."

He held his cap in his left hand, he presented her, with his right, a curious brass whistle shaped like a swan.

"Don't take that trash!" said Alice. "Come on!"

"It is a good whistle. There is only one other like it. It is a fine thing," said the boy seriously. "The other whistle was made for my sister, who is dead in the sea. It is engraved with flowers."

Amélie thanked him. She took from her pocket-book a silver medal of Lourdes, and gave it to him.

"Thank you, Fraulein," he said. He picked up the big basket he had set down to speak to Amélie and disappeared. The whistle was exquisitely engraved with arabesques. Where had she seen it before and admired it?

"Why did you bring a shawl and that net bag of yours? Really, you are an object!" grumbled Alice. "The idea of your being so polite to that boy. If you belonged to our circle for visiting the poor, you'd soon find out how impudent that set of people are."

One girl I took some shoes to actually returned the call. I wish I had thrown the water-lilies in the face of that impudent boy!"

Amélie had some difficulty in holding her tongue.

The little procession winding towards the Point was preceded by Bob, who carried two great boxes of cake protected by Alice's pink parasol, from which hung two sunflowers. The twins came next, with a hamper of pies between them. After them walked Willie Golden, carrying a big bunch of very yellow bananas, followed by Jack White, with two big pine-apples. There was an interval. Then followed Amélie, carrying Mrs. Holliwell's shawl and the pepper, tea, and sugar, which everybody else had forgotten. Alice walked, resplendent in pink lawn, with embroidery and rose-colored ribbons, but she walked with difficulty. Clara bore three long loaves of French bread tied with streamers of yellow tissue paper, and Jack White handled with care a big brown paper bag containing his mother's famous deviled crabs. There were several stragglers; then triumphantly came the black boys, with the turtle, the vegetables, the ice-cream freezer, Jack White's mandolin and Belinda's guitar, mounted on two wheelbarrows. Bob looked back at the procession, with great satisfaction.

"It's a splendid picnic: I wish papa and mamma were here to see it!"

The Point was deep in ferns. The oaks were bound together by Virginia creepers and the clematis, while here and there a yellow-red, trumpet-shaped flower showed among the climbing green. The tall ferns were reflected in the crystal stillness of the spring, and coolness and freshness made the spot delightful.

"It's pleasant, but where am I to sit down, — it looks damp," Alice said, drawing her delicate pink dress about her. Amélie meekly spread the shawl upon the ground, and Alice sank upon it.

"Oh," she wailed, suddenly, "I forgot the tea."

"It's in this bag — this despised net bag," said Amélie.

"I'm so glad! I can't live without tea."

The black boys began to prepare the material for green turtle soup, made after a manner of their own. The children gathered wood. And in half an hour the boiler was hung over a blazing fire, and the picnickers were jubilantly stirring the stew with newly cut pine sticks.

Amélie made herself very busy. At last the white tissue paper cloth was laid and the varied colored paper napkins nicely arranged near the spring. Then she blew her whistle. It had a sweet, loud tone. She held it in her hand musingly. Where had she seen one like it before?

Everything went well. To be sure, the twins fell into the spring, but they were carefully dried; and Jack White was supposed to have swallowed a wasp in a slice of pie; but he was not sure of it. Alice grew very weary of the fun, because nobody paid her extraordinary attention, and wandered away. She did not even come back for the cold supper. As she had taken a novel with her, she forgot all about her companions. As she was not, as a rule, particularly agreeable, they easily forgot her.

Bob had stipulated that the party should remain for the last boat. The picnickers were dancing the lancers in the moonlight, when the steamboat signal was heard. Time had fled so fast! The colored boys had gone off, with the loaded wheelbarrows, so there was nothing left to carry except the guitar and mandolin, to whose music the dance was proceeding.

There was a scramble. Mrs. Holliwell hurried off with the younger ones; the rest followed. Amélie had gone only a few steps when she remembered Alice. She ran into the woods, calling. There was no response.

The moonlight whitened the spaces among the trees, and the swinging vine-garlands and waving leaves made delicate moving embroidery on the silvered ground.

“Alice!”



Amélie was desperate. The signal from the steamboat sounded again.

"Where are Alice and Amélie?" demanded Mrs. Holliwell, when all her other charges had been gathered on the upper deck.

"They'll take care of themselves," answered Bob, sleepily. "I saw Amélie coming, and there's a pink dress like Alice's over there near the wheel."

Again the warning note was sounded. The searchlight was turned from the pilot-house upon the banks. It lit up the barge in front of them so well that the children applauded.

"I suppose those girls are all right; I'll look for them, anyhow," said Mrs. Holliwell, as yet not at all anxious.

The steamboat glided from the wharf.

In the shadows, Amélie heard the signal again.

No; she would not go without Alice.

"Alice!"

No answer.

Amélie saw, by the brilliant searchlight suddenly cast upon her, that she was near the river. Through a vine-curtained opening in the trees, she saw, too, the steamboat moving towards the city.

"Bob, oh, Bob!" she called, frightened. "Stop, stop!"

Only echoes came back, though she could hear the

movement of the steamboat's wheels in the water. A breath of the perfume of the late honeysuckle seemed to bring her to her senses. She was in the woods; it was night, but God was near. She must not be frightened, and she must find Alice!

Silence fell. There was a lull in all sounds. The frogs, in the distance, took up their chorus, and a cricket chirped. What was that? The sound came from the river bank. Amélie shrank back in the shadow. She tried to make herself believe that her fears were foolish. She remembered that, when she was a child, she used to think that the round-backed mahogany chairs in her mother's room were lions. They were not lions; it was only the darkness. It was only the darkness that made her afraid now! Again came the sound — not of the frogs or the crickets; it was a low moan.

Boldly Amélie advanced to the bank of the river and looked down. The water was low — the depth seemed great.

"Alice!"

A moan was the response.

About twelve feet below the top of the bank Alice Watson lay — a heap of crumpled pink, her large, frightened eyes staring at Amélie. She was on a projecting ledge of earth, about three feet above the water.

"Amélie! — thank heaven! Get me up; I am almost mad! I saw the steamboat go. And you are the only one not cruel enough to leave me."

"They did not know."

"My hat fell, and I tried to get it. I had hung it on that willow tree. Oh, what can we do? I have been here since six o'clock. I forgot you all in my book. Oh, how I have prayed!"

"Pray, pray," Amélie said. "I will go down to you!"

"It will do no good. I have thought it all over, Amélie. We can do nothing now. I am frightened to death; but I can't expect you to stay with me until we can get help at daylight. I have treated you so badly, that you'd be an angel if you took my trouble now — "

"Don't, Alice! — don't!" said Amélie. "Let's forget. The night is damp. There's Mrs. Holliwell's shawl. You've got it? Good!"

"What will you do? It is cold, and I think I have sprained my ankle. What will you do?"

"I haven't a thin pink dress on."

"But you have a thin white one."

Amélie did not answer. What could she do? She must find a way out! People might come, but what sort of people? She stood like a white statue guarding the girl below her.

Had not the children said that the German boy lived near the Point? The whistle! Why not try the whistle! She blew with all her might. Its sound seemed to cut the air. Only the echoes answered. Again she blew. This time there was a faint hello! Her hands trembled with excitement; the whistle fell from them into the tangled grass on the bank. She tried to find it. The hello sounded again. She could not answer; the whistle was lost.

After all, it suddenly occurred to her, she had a voice. She began to sing a German song.

There was a crashing among the branches, and from the clump of oaks came the German boy.

"Fraulein!"

"Yes," said Amélie. "Can you help us?"

"I live near," he said, going away. "It is well."

In five minutes he had returned with a ladder. He steadied it, Amélie held it, and Alice was lifted to the bank very gently.

"I will harness my horse; it is over there. I live near our farm in the house with the 'hands,' but we will not waken them. You are a Catholic; I know, because you gave me the medal. I will drive you over to the priest's house, and you will be safe."

Alice, saying prayers of thanksgiving, leaned against a tree.

"I have lost my whistle," said Amélie. "It was a lucky whistle."

"Here it is," the boy said; his quick eye had espied it among the grass. "The other was my sister's. We were wrecked coming from Germany, and she was lost — my sister. I am so much alone in the land. I think of her so much that I love her song. It is good that I can help you."

"And your name?" asked Amélie, half afraid of the answer.

"Heinrich Von Otto."

"Alice!" cried Amélie, "I have found him! It is Miss Von Otto's brother! Heinrich, your sister is not dead; she is living! She will be so happy!"

For a moment Heinrich seemed frozen.

"So?" he said. "So?"

He darted into the woods.

"Thank heaven, we are safe! Oh, Amélie! do forgive me! I see now how selfish I was!"

"And I, how wicked I was, Alice."

"Kiss me, Amélie. Let me be a good sister. Oh, how kind you have been!"

Tears came to Amélie's eyes. People would love her, after all! She would have a home!

Heinrich's light cart was heard approaching. The boy had thoughtfully brought his light overcoat for Amélie.

The drive to Father Egbert's house was a long and silent one. Heinrich felt that it was no time to ask questions. He knew that his sister lived; that was enough!

Father Egbert had not yet gone to bed. He was reading in his study. He gave the girls into the charge of his housekeeper, and drove off with Heinrich to find a telegraph station. That night two telegrams sped through the moonlight, — one to Mr. Watson; the other with the glad news to Miss Von Otto.

MAURICE F. EGAN: *The Watson Girls*.

### AIDS TO STUDY

Maurice Francis Egan, educator, author, and diplomat, was born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1852. Like Charles Warren Stoddard, he was for some years professor of English Literature at Notre Dame, Ind., and at the Catholic University of America. He is now American Minister to Denmark. Dr. Egan has written a number of charming stories as well as two books of poetry. Among his works are: *A Garden of Roses*, *A Marriage of Reason*, *Jack Chumleigh*, *The Flower of the Flock*, *The Success of Patrick Desmond*, *The Vocation of Edward Conway*, and *The Disappearance of John Longworthy*.

**Amélie** (À'mā'lē').

**arabesque** (ār'a bēsk'), a style of ornamentation.

**Belinda** (Bē līn'dà).

**clematis** (klēm'à tīs), a vine.

**diplomat** (dīp'lō māt), one skilled in diplomacy.

**Fraulein** (Froi'līn).

**Heinrich Von Otto** (Hīn' rīk Vōn Ot'ō). **lancers** (lān'sērz), an old fashioned square dance.  
**joyfully** (jōō'bī lānt lī), triumphantly, joyfully. **stipulate** (stīp'ū lāt'), to bargain, contrast.

1. Name the chief characters in this story. 2. Which of them do you like best? Why? 3. Give your opinion of each. 4. Describe the procession to the picnic. 5. Name some of the flowers and plants Amélie saw. 6. How did the picnickers enjoy themselves? 7. What happened to Alice? 8. Who rescued her? 9. How was the whistle useful? 10. What good lesson does this story teach?

Expressions for study:

bent on fun	frightened to death
crystal stillness	silvered ground
engraved with arabesques	trembled with excitement

1. Think of an experience that you have had when an accident delayed you, or interfered with your plans. Can this experience be made into a simple narrative? 2. Arrange the story in three parts: *a.* The situation; *b.* The accident; *c.* The outcome. 3. Can you separate the selection, *Bob's Picnic*, into three parts to correspond with the points mentioned in No. 2?

---

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
 Because we see it; but what we do not see  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.

SHAKESPEARE.

## PSALM THIRTY-THREE

This beautiful song-poem, taken from the Book of Psalms, was written presumably as an exhortation to King David to praise and serve God all the days of his life. And now, after centuries have rolled by, it is a strong appeal to every Christian heart to sing the praises of the Lord. Like the other sacred poems of the Psalter, it used to be sung in the synagogues of the Jews, just as hymns are utilized in Catholic worship. Though all the psalms are of Jewish origin, and though they were used by the Israëlites in their worship of God, nevertheless they are utilized by the Church in her sacred liturgy. They make up the greater part of the prayers (office) which every priest is bound to say daily.

I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall be always in my mouth.

In the Lord shall my soul be praised: let the meek hear and rejoice.

O magnify the Lord with me; and let us extol His name together.

I sought the Lord, and He heard me; and He delivered me from all my troubles.

Come ye to Him and be enlightened: and your faces shall not be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him: and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear Him: and shall deliver them.



O taste, and see that the Lord is sweet : blessed is the man that hopeth in Him.

Fear the Lord, all ye His saints : for there is no want to them that fear Him.

The rich have wanted, and have suffered hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good.

Come, children, hearken to me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Who is the man that desireth life : who loveth to see good days ?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile.

Turn away from evil and do good : seek after peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the just : and His ears unto their prayers.

But the countenance of the Lord is against them that do evil things : to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The just cried, and the Lord heard them : and delivered them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart : and He will save the humble of spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the just : but out of them all will the Lord deliver them.

The Lord keepeth all their bones ; not one of them shall be broken.

The death of the wicked is very evil: and they that hate the just shall be guilty.

The Lord will redeem the souls of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall offend.

OLD TESTAMENT.

### AIDS TO STUDY

The Old Testament contains the religious history of Israel. It gives us an insight into the inner religion of the best spirits of the nation, and bears witness to the faith, the love, and the devotion of the chosen people of God.

In the Old Testament will be found the Book of Psalms, or the Psalter. This is a collection of religious lyrics which give expression to the emotions and feelings of the people as they are stirred by the thought of God.

Some of the psalms are directly addressed to God; some are communings of the soul with God; some celebrate the marvelous works of God in nature and history; and some treat of the perplexing questions of life.

1. From what book is this song-poem taken? 2. Why do we call it a song-poem? 3. Why was it written? 4. How has it been utilized by the Israelites, and by the Christians? 5. Tell about the office which priests have to recite daily. 6. How does the poetry of this psalm differ from other poetry which you have read? 7. This psalm may be divided into two parts. Where does the first part end? 8. What is spoken of in the first part? 9. What part does the author assume in the second part? 10. What doctrines of our holy religion are referred to in the psalm? 11. What is the meaning of "The Lord keepeth all their bones, not one of them shall be broken"?

## REVEREND FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

Rev. Frederick William Faber, born in 1814 at Caverley, England, was one of the famous Oxford scholars who after many years of diligent study and investigation entered the Catholic Church in 1845.

His early education was received in the home of his parents. At the age of twelve he was sent to Harrow, and subsequently to Oxford. There he became not only a brilliant student but also a lover of nature. From numerous journeys through fields and woodlands, he was intimately acquainted with every nook and corner through which the poet Wordsworth had wandered. He loved the rocks and rills of his native land. The song birds in their shady bowers, the rabbits sporting in the fields near their burrows, the lambs frisking in the noonday sun, appealed to him in a special degree.

Father Faber always took special interest in the young. For him it was a great pleasure to take part in the children's games, or to tell them stories as they crowded round him like bees round a hive.

Once upon a time a little girl wrote him to find out how she might become a nun. His excellent reply to her childish question has few equals in the English language. (See **THIRD READER** of The Ideal Catholic Series.)

But Father Faber is chiefly remembered for his charming religious poetry and his many admirable spiritual books, such as *All for Jesus*, *At the Foot of the Cross*, *Growth in Holiness*, and *Bethlehem*.



W. H. Poyary

Rev. F.W. FABER

## PENTECOST

No track is on the sunny sky,  
No footprints on the air ;  
Jesus hath gone : the face of earth  
Is desolate and bare.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,  
They tread the streets no more ;  
His soul-converting voice gives not  
Its music as before.

His Mother sits all worshipful  
With her majestic mien ;  
The princes of the infant Church  
Are gathered round their Queen.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,  
Her features are like His ;  
Her presence is their ample strength,  
Her face reflects their bliss.

That upper room is heaven on earth ;  
Within its precincts lie  
All that earth has of faith, or hope,  
Or heaven-born charity.

The eye of God looks down on them,  
His love is centered there,  
His spirit yearns to be o'ercome  
By their sweet strife of prayer.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer  
In accents meek and faint,  
And highest heaven is quick to own  
The beautiful constraint.

The Eternal Son takes up the prayer  
Upon His royal throne ;  
The Son His human Mother hears,  
The Sire His equal Son.

The Spirit hears, and He consents  
His mission to fulfill ;  
For what is asked hath ever been  
His own eternal will.

Ten days and nights in acts divine  
Of awful love were spent,  
While Mary and her children prayed  
The Spirit might be sent.

The joy of Angels grew and grew  
On Mary's wondrous prayer,  
And the Divine complacence stooped  
To feed His glory there.

Her eyes to heaven were humbly raised,  
While for her Spouse she prayed ;  
Methought the sweetness of her prayer  
His blissful coming stayed.

For ever coming did He seem,  
For ever on the wing ;  
His chosen Angels round His throne  
Now gazed, now ceased to sing.

How beautiful, how passing speech,  
The Dove did then appear,  
As the hour of His humility  
At Mary's word drew near !

The hour was come ; the wings of Love  
By His own will were freed ;  
The hour was come ; the Eternal Three  
His mission had decreed.

Then for His love of worthless men,  
His love of Mary's worth,  
His beauteous wings the Dove outspread,  
And winged His flight to earth.

Oh, wondrous flight ! He left not heaven,  
Though earth's low fields He won,  
But in the bosom still reposed  
Of Father and of Son.

O Flight! O blessed Flight of Love!  
 Let me Thy mercies share;  
 Grant it, sweet Dove! for my poor soul  
 Was part of Mary's prayer.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER.

### AIDS TO STUDY

<b>complacence</b> (kóm plá'séns), a disposition to please, calm contentment.	<b>investigation</b> (In vės'tí gǎ'shǔn), examination.
<b>decree</b> (dě kré'), to ordain, order.	<b>mien</b> (mēn), appearance.
<b>Harrow</b> (Hār'ō), a town of England.	<b>precinct</b> (pré'sínkt), boundary, limit of authority.
	<b>Sire</b> (Sir), the Heavenly Father.

1. What special feast of the Church is referred to in the first stanza of this poem? 2. Who are the princes of the infant Church? 3. Where are they assembled, and with whom? 4. For what did the Blessed Virgin pray? 5. How was her prayer answered? Describe what took place.

Expressions for study:

earth's low fields	the face of earth
majestic mien	the wings of love
soul-converting voice	to feed his glory
sweet strife of prayer	winged his flight

1. Write a short composition on the feast of Pentecost, using the facts contained in this poem. 2. In the second chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, you will find a narrative of the events that happened on Pentecost. Can you tell what they were? 3. Analyze the second stanza of the poem, and point out where the author uses poetic license.



## THE EXILE OF ERIN

While the eminent poet, Thomas Campbell, was staying at Hamburg, he chanced to meet an Irishman who had been forced to leave his native land, for having taken part in the Rebellion of 1798. During the course of the conversation which ensued, the poet got a vivid impression of the feelings which animated the heart of the Irish exile. The following poem is the outcome of this meeting.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the daystar attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet  
hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!  
 O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?  
 Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure!  
 Tears like the raindrops may fall without measure;  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go brag!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields — sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-  
 tion, —  
 Erin mavournin! Erin go brag!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## AIDS TO STUDY

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), an eminent lyric poet, was born in Glasgow, Scotland. After receiving a thorough classical education at the University of his native city, he became a tutor. Later on he turned his attention to the study of law. But this avocation had little or no attraction for him. As a consequence, he entered on his brilliant literary career by writing *The Pleasures of Hope*, a poem dear to every reader of poetry. Some of the other poetical productions by which he is known are *Ye Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Lochiel's Warning*, and *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

<b>Erin go bragh</b> (Ē'rīn gō brā'), Ireland forever.	<b>Hohenlinden</b> (Hō'ēn līn'dēn), a village in Bavaria.
<b>Erin mavournin</b> (Ē'rīn mā vōōr'- nēn), Ireland, my dear.	<b>Lochiel</b> (Lōk ēl'), a district of Scotland.
<b>Glasgow</b> (Glās'gō), a city of Scot- land.	<b>tutor</b> (tū'tēr), a private teacher.

1. What induced Thomas Campbell to write this poem?
2. What is meant by an "exile of Erin"?
3. Describe his condition.
4. Why did the daystar attract his attention?
5. What is the meaning of "Erin go bragh"?
6. Why was his fate a sad one?
7. What does the exile say to his country?
8. What does he say about his home in the fourth stanza?
9. What is the meaning of "Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure"?
10. What is the exile's dying wish?

1. Imagine yourself exiled, then write what your feelings would be.
2. Put yourself in the poet's place and think of this poor exile and the bitterness of his distress, of the feelings that this must have raised.
3. To what determination does this feeling

bring the author? 4. Here the poet uses five eight-line stanzas to teach a lesson. 5. Study the poem to see how the poet develops the thoughts and brings out the feeling. 6. Where do you find the dominant thought expressed? The minor thoughts? 7. What passages are particularly emotional? 8. How is this indicated?

### DECORATION DAY

We pray for the fond ones whose life-blood  
 On liberty's altar was shed ;  
 And deck with green garlands and flowers  
 The graves of the patriot dead ;

Who stood by the Union's proud banner,  
 With sabre and rifle in rest,  
 When her cause looked as gloomy and cheerless  
 As storm clouds blocked in the West ;

Who marched thro' the red field of battle,  
 And breasted the brunt of the fight,  
 When the guns of Rebellion outrattled  
 Death-hail against Justice and right.

Weave, weave your gay garlands, young maidens,  
 And make no distinction to-day,  
 'Twixt those who went down in the blue ranks  
 And those who fell under the gray.

REV. D. O. CROWLEY.



## LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, and the greatest composer of the nineteenth century, was born at Bonn on the Rhine, December 17, 1770. His father was a musician; and little Beethoven was compelled to learn music as though it were a task. He had an aversion to it because his friends sought to force it upon him. His father had sometimes to beat him before he would sit down to the piano. Yet when left to pursue it as a recreation he became absorbed in the art; and he began to compose music at an early age.

Almost at the beginning of what promised to be a most brilliant career, he became deaf. What greater misfortune could fall to the lot of a musician? Milton, the poet, could not see the beautiful scenes of nature, and Beethoven could but imperfectly hear the sweet strains with which he charmed the ears of the world. He sometimes could not hear the thunders of applause with which his own compositions were greeted.

He soon became as inwardly deaf to society as outwardly to the world of melodious sounds. He shunned rank, wealth, and pleasure. In his aloofness he seemed proud and cold; but instead, he carried within him a heart that hungered for affection.

When he found he must bid farewell to his hearing, he gave expression to these sad words: "As autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came, I depart. How long have I been estranged from the echo of true joy! When, O, my God, when shall I feel it again in the temple of nature and man? Never!"

A very beautiful story is told in Vienna of Beethoven's early life. A friend has given us a touching version of it, in the form of a story, and we quote at some length from his manuscripts.

Some years ago I spent a few days in Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, and during my sojourn I made the acquaintance of an old musician, who once intimately knew the great composer.

"You know," said he, one day, "that Beethoven was born in a house on Rhine Street, but at the time I became acquainted with him, he lodged over a humble little shop. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night, because of the dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and books; and notwithstanding his privations, he spent some happy moments there. He was not yet deaf, and could enjoy the harmony of his own compositions.

"One evening I chanced to call, hoping to persuade him to take a walk, and return with me to supper.

I found him sitting at the window, by the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed by his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing, and refused all consolation.

“‘I hate the world,’ he said, with passion. ‘No one understands me, or cares about me; I have genius, and am treated like a pariah. I have a heart, and no one to love. I am miserable!’

“‘I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven. He did not cease complaining till we reëntered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark, narrow street near the gate of Coblentz. All at once he stopped.

“‘Hush!’ said he; ‘what is that?’

“‘Listening, I heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house a little distance beyond. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and the performer gave great tenderness of expression. Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. ‘It is taken from my *Symphony in F*,’ he said; ‘here is the house. Listen — how well it is played!’

“‘The house was small and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutters. He paused to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a stifled voice was heard.



“‘I cannot go on. I can go no further this evening, Frederick.’

“‘Why, sister?’

“‘I scarcely know, unless because the composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. Oh! what would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice.’

“‘Ah, dear sister,’ replied Frederick; ‘one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things beyond our reach?’

“‘You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless, it is useless!’

“‘There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words. Beethoven looked at me. ‘Let us go in,’ he said abruptly.

“‘Go in?’ said I.

“‘I will play to her,’ he replied with vivacity. ‘She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play to her, and she will appreciate me.’ And before I could prevent, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, toward a half-open door. He pushed it; and we found ourselves in a room with a small stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working at a shoe.

Near him, bending in a melancholy manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both rose and turned toward us as we entered.

“‘Pardon me,’ said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed; ‘pardon me, but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician.’

“‘The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

“‘I heard, also, some of your words,’ continued Beethoven. ‘You wish to hear, that is, you would like — in short, would you like me to play to you?’

“‘There was something so strange, so comical, in the whole affair, and something so agreeable and eccentric in Beethoven’s manner, that we all involuntarily smiled.

“‘Thank you,’ said the young shoemaker; ‘but our piano is bad, and then we have no music.’

“‘No music?’ repeated Beethoven. ‘How, then, did Mademoiselle’ — He stopped, and colored; for the young girl had just turned toward him, and by her sad, veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

“‘I entreat you to pardon me,’ stammered he; ‘but I did not remark at first. You play, then, from memory?’

“‘Entirely.’

“‘And have you heard this music before?’

“‘Never, excepting the music in the streets.’

"She seemed frightened; so Beethoven did not add another word, but seated himself at the instrument and began to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow, and how sublime he would be that evening; I was not deceived. Never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother on that old dilapidated piano.

"We remained sitting and listening. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment. The former had laid aside his work, the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her two hands clasped on her breast, as if she feared the beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness.

"Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, fell, and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped. I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

"But this seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hands rested on his knees, and he appeared plunged in a profound meditation. He remained so for some time. At last the shoemaker rose, approached him,

and said, in a low voice, 'Wonderful man, who are you, then?'

"Beethoven raised his head, as if he had not comprehended. The young man repeated the question. The composer smiled as only he could smile.

"'Listen,' said he; and he played the first movement in the *F Symphony*. A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognized the player, and cried, 'You are then Beethoven!'

"He rose to go, but they detained him. 'Play to us once more, just once more,' they said.

"He allowed himself to be led back to the instrument. The brilliant rays of the moon entered the curtainless window, and lighted up his broad, earnest and expressive forehead.

"'I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight,' he said playfully. He contemplated for some moments the sky sprinkled with stars, then his fingers rested on the piano, and he began to play in a low, sad, but wondrously sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument sweet and even, as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground."

Nine symphonies, eleven overtures, sixteen grand quartettes, thirty-two grand sonatas, two Masses, one sacred cantata, an opera, a vast number of songs and trios, and over one hundred other compositions, make up the catalogue of work which this great master —

“before whose name all others, however great, seem to dwindle” — contributed to music and to the world’s enlightenment.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

### AIDS TO STUDY

**aversion** (â vûr’shžn), dislike, disgust, repugnance.

**Bonn** (Bôn), a town in Prussia.

**Coblentz** (Kô’blěnts), a city in Prussia.

**finale** (fě nă’lă), the last section or movement of an instrumental composition in sonata form.

**improvise** (im’prô viz’), to compose without previous preparation.

**Ludwig van Beethoven** (Lôôt’vîk vān Bă’tô vĕn), a Prussian musical composer.

**pariah** (pă’rî á), one despised by society, an outcast.

**quartette** (kwôr’tĕt’), an instrumental piece in sonata form, usually for four stringed instruments.

**sonata** (sô nă’tă), a composition for a piano, an organ, or other instrument.

**symphony** (sîm’fô nî), a harmony of sounds agreeable to the ear, whether the sounds are instrumental, vocal, or both.

**vivacity** (vî văs’î tî), animation, liveliness.

1. Why did Beethoven have an aversion for music?
2. How did he become a real lover of that art?
3. What great affliction befell him in his youth?
4. How did he impress the people?
5. What was the true nature of the man?
6. When he realized that he had lost his hearing, what did he say?
7. In what state of mind was Beethoven when his friend called upon him?
8. What did the latter propose to do?
9. As they reëntered the city, what did they hear?
10. What effect did the music have upon Beethoven?
11. How were Beethoven and his companion

received in the shoemaker's dwelling? 12. What did the blind girl and her brother think about Beethoven's playing? 13. When asked to play again, what sonata did he improvise?

1. Study the selection, noting the many beautiful expressions, such as, *beautiful scenes of nature, the world of melodious sound*. Make a list of them. 2. Amplify this sentence: "He carried within him a heart that hungered for affection." 3. Use this story as a model upon which to write a short story of a service rendered by some kind person whom you know.

## BEGINNING OF HOPE

At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.







